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AND

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MISS AMY ROSELLE and MR. ARTHUR DACRE will give TWO RECITALS (Dramatic, Poetic, and Humorous) at PRINCES' HALL on TUESDAY next, May 20, and TUESDAY, May 27, at 3 o'clock.—Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s., of the usual Agents, and at the Hall.—N. Vert, 6, Cork-street, W.

MR. E. H. THORNE'S CHAMBER CONCERT, PRINCES' HALL, MAY 17th, at 3 o'clock. Trio in C minor, E. H. Thorne; grand sonata in B flat, op. 103 (Beethoven); waltzes (four hands), op. 39 (Brahms); and quartet in F sharp minor, op. 31, Algernon Ashton. Artists: Violin, Mr. Jules Koopman; Viola, Mr. Hubert Hunt; Violoncello, Mr. Maurice Koopman; Pianoforte, Mr. E. H. Thorne and Mr. Herbert Thorne. Tickets 10s. 6d., 5s., 3s., and 1s., at Princes' Hall; or of Mr. E. H. Thorne, 13, Neville-terrace, Ouslow Gardens, S.W.

MR. VAL MARRIOTT'S EVENING CONCERT at the 19th CENTURY ART GALLERIES, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W., SATURDAY, May 17th, at eight o'clock. Artists: Mdles. Noemi Lorenzi, M. Wolf, E. Boubach, Mrs. Cannon; Messrs. Dyved Lewys, Harold Savery, H. Channell, P. Burnett, Ingelton and Val Marriott. Stalls, 7s. 6d. (four for a guinea); reserved seats, 5s.; unreserved, 2s. 6d. May be had of Mr. Marriott, 7, Wilnot-place, N.W., and of Stanley Lucas, 81, New Bond-street, W.

MR. AGUILAR'S PERFORMANCE of a selection from his concerted pianoforte works, ST. JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY AFTERNOON, May 19, at 3.30. Organ, Mr. E. H. Thorne. Violoncello, Mr. Albert Violin, Mr. Buziau. Pianoforte, Mr. Aguilár and Mr. Algernon Lindo (pupil of Mr. Aguilár). Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; admission 1s.—Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 81, New Bond-street; usual Agents; Tree's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; and of Mr. Aguilár, 7, Weymouth-street, Portland-place, W.

MR. AGUILAR'S PROGRAMME of a selection from his concerted pianoforte works, MONDAY, May 19, at 3.30. Violin, Mr. Buziau. Pianoforte, Mr. Aguilár and Mr. Algernon Lindo (pupil of Mr. Aguilár). Pianoforte solo caprice in D flat, trio in G minor for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, duet for two pianofortes, trio in E for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, fantasia for organ, two pianofortes, and violin.—Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s.

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MR. JAN MULDER, Solo Violoncellist, begs to announce TWO CONCERTS in ST. JAMES'S HALL, on SATURDAY, May 31st, at 3.30 p.m., and JUNE 14th at 8.30 p.m. Artists: Mr. Tivadar Nachez, Herr Emil Bash, Mr. H. Enthoven, Mr. Norfolk Megone, and Mrs. Grubame Coles. Tickets, 41 is. (reserved), and 10s. 6d. (unreserved) admitting to both Concerts on application by letter to Mr. Mulder, Dutch Club, 22, Regent-street, and at principal Music sellers.

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HERR WILLY HESS

Will give a RECITAL on TUESDAY, JUNE 3, at 3.

Assisted by Mr. and Mrs. HENSCHEL.

Accompanist Mr. THEODOR FRANTZEN.

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EVENING CONCERT, STEINWAY HALL, JUNE 12, at 8.30.

Assisted by Madame DOTTI, Miss MERVYN KEATINGE, Mr. REGINALD GROOME, Mr. BARRINGTON FOOTE, Mr. ISIDOR DE LARA, Mons. ERNEST GILLET, and Mrs. SHAW (la belle siffreuse).

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Assisted by Mr. JOHN PAYNE (Violinist), and Mr. ARTHUR OSWALD.

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PROPOSED ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE SESSION, 1890.

June 3rd, at 8 o'clock, SOMERS CLARKE, Esq., will read a paper on "The Arrangement, Use, and Abuse of Organs."

July	1	Lecture at 8 p.m.
"	15	F.C.O. Examination (Paper Work) at 10 a.m.
"	16	F.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing) at 10 a.m.
"	17	F.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing) at 10 a.m.
"	18	Distribution of Diplomas at 11 a.m.
"	22	A.C.O. Examination (Paper Work) at 10 a.m.
"	23	A.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing) at 10 a.m.
"	24	A.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing) at 10 a.m.
"	25	Diploma Distribution at 11 a.m.
"	31	Annual General Meeting at 8 p.m.

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E. H. TURPIN, Hon. Secretary.

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BURLINGTON HALL, SAVILE ROW, W.

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President: Sir Herbert Oakeley, Mus. Doc., LL.D.

For Prospectus and Form of Application for Membership, address the Secretary.
On MONDAY, June 9th, at 8.15 p.m., Mr. H. C. Young, B.A., (Cantab), will read a Paper entitled "The Advantages and Disadvantages of Examinations."
The GENERAL MEETING will be held on THURSDAY, the 26th June, at 7 p.m.
The date of the Next Examination for F.G.O. is fixed for the 29th and 30th July.
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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1890.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's new grand opera is well on its way to completion. The libretto, according to the Boston "Post," is by Mr. Eugene Field, of Chicago, and the leading rôle has been "written around" Miss Esther Palliser, who sings the part of Giannetta in the American production of "The Gondoliers." The opera will—this is, of course, old news—be produced at Mr. D'Oyley Carte's new theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, probably in November next. Which suggests certain thoughts about the unique good fortune which enables Sir Arthur to give his own works every chance of success. He alone of English composers can produce his opera when it is ready, and have entire control over its performances. Others who write operas are dependent upon the goodwill of managers, who are too often unwilling to give fair play to the composers by "running" a new work for a sufficient time to enable the public to form its own impression. We do not, it is unnecessary to remark, grudge Sir Arthur his phenomenal luck; but we wish

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for the sake of English art, that more of our leading composers were in the same happily independent position.

We commented last week upon the statistics recently published by the Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society, wherein it was shown that the heaviest loss of the season had been incurred over Dr. Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon." We omitted, however, to mention a fact which is highly significant—that the society announces its intention of repeating this work during its next season. One cannot but admire the pluck displayed in repeating a performance on which so heavy a loss had already been incurred, as well as the faith which the committee evidently have in the genuine merits of the oratorio and in the ultimate appreciation of it by the Nottingham public. We hope sincerely that their faith will be justified.

It was made apparent at the last meeting of the Musical Association, noticed elsewhere in these columns, that there are still some members of the art world who regard art in general and music in particular more as a means of amusement than as an elevating spiritual power. In these days, when so much is heard of church cantatas and organ recitals, it is somewhat startling to hear it proclaimed that the organist, as such, has no business in the church; but a little consideration will show this to be true, at least in the abstract. The church is for worshippers and priests; and the organist, although personally he may be a devout worshipper, is, in his official capacity, only a skilful performer, the object of his presence being to make the service more impressive. His function, however, is practically the same as that of the rhyme in the hymns, the rhythm of the phrases in the prayers, and the beauty of language employed in the sermon, all of which are means adopted to impress and enforce the ideas propounded; and all of which, if we are to be consistent, must be eliminated from the service, together with the organist. The idea that everything in worship should be spontaneous and unrehearsed exercises a peculiar fascination over many minds, especially over the less cultured, because although daily influenced by intellectual training they have little or no conception of its power. In the year 2000 man's brain may be so perfectly developed that sermons will flow in unpremeditated but eloquent language from the lips of our clergy, members of congregations will respectively sing their proper parts, untrained choir boys will never sing flat, and the organist will please everybody in the church. Till then study, rehearsal, and premeditation (would we had more of it!) must exist, that "all things be done decently and in order."

"Pratt's Transmigration of a Tune" is the peculiar and striking, if somewhat ungrammatical, title of a paragraph in the "American Art Journal." Therein it is related that Mr. Silas G. Pratt gave a kind of concert-lecture, at which he took a portion of the popular song "My Old Kentucky Home," and illustrated, by means of the various forms in which he made it appear, the characteristics of music in all ages. In what fashion this was done shall be told in our contemporary's words, which are admirably explicit:—"We first hear the melody as it would have been rendered by Pan on his immortal pipe, touchingly sweet and simple, as though coming from the very soul of nature; then, step by step, Mr. Pratt leads us through the centuries, the theme now serving as a march to mark the blood-stained progress of Alexander; then issuing from the throat of a burly monk in the guise of a religious chant; and once again lending itself as a gavotte of the period of Henry the Third to quicken the steps of the bejewelled dancers. But even then, its career of usefulness is not nearly finished; it reappears successively

in many other forms, among them being a Persian sword dance, a Chopin nocturne, a Spanish tarantelle, a negro dance, and, finally, after doing duty as a fugue, attains a pinnacle of musical excellence by blending harmoniously with Wagner's 'Magic Fire Music.' This is a new version of the proverb "Out of the frying-Pan into the Fire."

* *

That Madame Eugénie de Lussan is an admirable singing-mistress has been abundantly proved by the captivating performances of her daughter Zélie, who, as is well known, had no other teacher than her mother. It is not so generally known, however, that Madame de Lussan has also played the rôle of musical critic with somewhat amusing results. We are permitted to tell the story, which sets forth that some years ago a well-known critic on the New York press came to the lady, and said: "I am too ill to go to the opera—'Lucia'—to-night, but I must have a notice. Now, you know the work thoroughly, and how all the artists sing it. Will you write a notice this afternoon, and send it to my paper?" Madame consented, and forthwith wrote a carefully-worded criticism, in which the merits and faults of each artist, with which she was quite familiar, were noted and the opera analysed. The notice was sent in—but, alas for the critic! at the last moment "Lucrezia Borgia" was substituted. It is easy to believe that the invalid critic had an uncomfortable quarter of an hour with his chief the next day. Nor is it more difficult to understand why Madame de Lussan has since forsworn the thorny paths of criticism.

* *

According to the returns of the Education Department now published, 2,358,560 children in the elementary schools of England and Wales have earned a grant of £117,928 for singing by note. Singing by ear, which is paid a lower grant, earned £33,514 with 1,340,581 scholars. Six years ago only 20 per cent. were taught by note; now the proportion is 63 per cent. The increase appears to be due to the Tonic Solfa System, for the number of schools or departments adopting that system has risen since the year 1884 from 3,871 to 12,790. Adding Scotch and English figures together, 2,336,533 children passed in Tonic Solfa, 380,366 in staff and various notations, 1,450,240 were taught by ear, and 18,586 do not sing at all. Thus six children pass in Tonic Solfa for one in staff or other systems. Between four and five out of every thousand do not learn to sing, and almost two out of every three sing by note so well as to earn the higher grant.

* *

Dr. Von Bülow has been up to one of his sly tricks again. At a concert recently given by him in New York he was announced to play Beethoven's Sonata in F, op. 54. But before he began it he played, without warning his audience of his intentions, the whole of the well-known Andante in F, plunging at once into the sonata without break. None of the critics noticed the fact save he of the "Musical Courier." No doubt the pianist was highly delighted at having caught the scribes napping. When he returns to Europe we may expect some characteristic attacks on the ignorance of American critics.

* *

Whatever may be the truth of the implication thus made on their ability, the musical critics of New York are at least capital haters. We have referred once or twice to the quarrel which persistently wages between Mr. Jackson, Mr. Krehbiel, Mr. Schwab, and others. The latest phase is represented by a letter which Dr. F. L. Ritter has addressed to the "American Musician." Therein he asserts that, having announced his intention of delivering a

series of musical lectures under the management of Mr. Schwab he received the following from Mr. Krehbiel:—

My Dear Mr. Ritter: I regret that the medium which you have chosen for the management of your lectures will make it impossible for me (or any self-respecting man connected with the press) to help along the enterprise as much as I would like to do. When you complete your plans, please let me know what they are *yourself*, and also please save me the humiliation of being addressed by F. A. Schwab. I am surprised that you should even have thought of subjecting the decent (?) part of the New York profession to the insult of coming in contact, even by correspondence, with that man.

Sincerely your friend,

H. E. KREHBIEL.

We shall await Mr. Krehbiel's answer to this with interest.

* *

The famous Gavotte from "Mignon" seems to exert a peculiar influence over American critics. It is again to the fore in a notice of an organ recital given by Mr. Eddy in Lansing, Mich. "Arranged by Mr. Eddy himself, it seemed to please the audience above all the rest. It was an odd bit of composition, and a stroke of genius on the part of the author." We do not clearly understand if it is M. Thomas or Mr. Eddy who is thus referred to as "the author;" but if the distinguished composer be weary of the commonplaces of European praise he may refresh himself with the thought that his gavotte is "an odd bit of composition."

* *

Everyone who is interested in the music of Palestrina and his great contemporaries will be sorry to hear that the Palestrina Choir of New York has been dissolved. We hailed its comparatively recent formation under Mr. Caryll Florio with a great deal of pleasure, and we have watched its useful career with equal interest. Its cessation, due apparently to the apathy of the public from whom it should have received a large measure of support, is therefore deeply to be regretted.

* *

Those of our readers who dwell in the North-Western suburbs will be glad to have their attention drawn to the resumption of the Summer Evening Orchestral Concerts at the Hampstead Conservatoire. Mr. Geaussen will, as on former occasions, rely chiefly upon works by English musicians. Thus, at the first concert, which takes place on Wednesday next, the programme will include the overture "Morte d'Arthur," by Dr. Bridge, Hubert Parry's Symphony in C minor, Stanford's setting of "The Revenge," and Hamish McCunn's overture "The Land of the Mountain and the Flood," each work to be conducted by its respective composer. Such a scheme, English in its enterprising character no less than in the material of which it is formed, deserves the heartiest support. We hope, therefore, the concert may not be marked by a custom which though "quite English," is more honoured in the breach than the observance. We allude, of course, to the habit English people have of staying away when their fellow-countrymen's music is to be performed.

* *

We have much pleasure in drawing attention to the prospectus of the new series of concerts announced by the Musical Guild. These young artists, who are all ex-students of the Royal College of Music, will give their first concert of the season in Kensington Town Hall on May 28, when the programme will include Schumann's Pianoforte Quartet in E flat, Beethoven's Septet in E flat, and Schumann's "Marchenerz ahlungen," and songs by Mr. Daniel Price. The subsequent concerts, announced for June 4, 17, and 24, promise to be of equal interest.

By kind permission of Mrs. Clark Kennedy, an afternoon concert will be given at 5, Portland-place, on June 7 (in aid of the Organ Fund), at St. George's Chapel, Albemarle-street. The Princess Mary of Teck has signified her intention of being present, and the musical arrangements have been undertaken by Mr. Raphael Roche, who will be assisted by Mme. Belle Cole, M. Tivadar Nachez, Mr. Samuel Brandram, and other artists. Tickets, £1 ls., may be obtained of Mrs. Clark Kennedy, and of Dr. Ker Gray, 27, Albemarle-street.

* *

An interesting programme is promised for Mr. E. H. Thorne's chamber concert in Princes' Hall this (Saturday) afternoon. A trio in C minor by the concert-giver, Brahms' Waltzes for four hands, and Algernon Ashton's Quartet in F sharp minor will be given by Mr. Thorne, with the aid of Messrs. Jules and Maurice Koopman, Herbert Thorne, and Hubert Hunt. Mr. Thorne will also play Beethoven's Sonata in B flat (Op. 106).

* *

A selection from the works of Mr. Aguilar will be given at that gentleman's concert in St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon. The programme will include his Caprice in D flat for pianoforte, Trios in G minor and in D minor, and Fantasia for organ. Assistance will be given in the performance of these and other equally interesting pieces by Messrs. E. H. Thorne, Albert, Buziau, and Algernon Lindo.

* *

A concert will be given this (Saturday) evening in the 19th Century Art Society Galleries by Mr. Val. Marriott, who will contribute violin solos. Other artists announced to appear are Mdle. Noemi Lorenzi, Mr. Dyved Lewys, Mr. Harold Savery, and Fraulein Mathilde Wolff.

* *

A word of welcome should be accorded to our new contemporary "The Strad," which is to be devoted to stringed instruments and all things connected therewith. It will be published every month at the moderate price of 2d., and should be popular with professionals and amateurs alike.

* *

Mr. Jan Mulder will give two concerts in St. James's Hall on the evenings of May 31 and June 14. Mr. Mulder will play solos on the violoncello, and will be assisted by Mrs. Grahame Coles, Mr. Tivadar Nachez, Herr Emil Bach, and Mr. Norfolk Megone.

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The Prince of Wales has graciously intimated his intention of laying the foundation stone of the new building for the Royal South London Ophthalmic Hospital in July.

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The programme of the next Richter concert will include Hagen's Wacht, from the first act of "Götterdämmerung," Bach's Triple Concerto, Hans Sach's Monologue, and Schubert's Symphony in C. Mr. Henschel will sing in the Wagner extracts.

* *

Two dramatic recitals will be given in Princes' Hall by Miss Amy Roselle and Mr. Arthur Dacre on the afternoons of Tuesday and Tuesday week, at three.

* *

Herr Arthur Friedheim will give two pianoforte recitals in the Steinway Hall on Wednesday afternoons, May 21 and June 11.

GLUCK'S "ORPHEUS" AT CAMBRIDGE.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Gluck has been called the Wagner of the eighteenth century. From among the false priests of art he stood out, like another Elijah, to denounce evil. Italian opera had become a musical monstrosity, and Gluck tried to curb the vanity of singers, and to make music second poetry. He excited on the one hand intense admiration; on the other, bitter animosity. The war of the Gluckists and Piccinnists has become famous in history. "Orpheus," produced at Vienna in 1762, was the first work in which the composer tried to carry out principles of art over which he had been long meditating. Metastasio, that "most obedient and most useful slave of the musician," was no longer to be Gluck's librettist; he found in Calzabigi a poet who was willing to work with him in uniting more closely music and words. Nothing, then, can be more instructive than the revival of a work which forms so important a landmark in the history of dramatic music. It is, no doubt, difficult to listen to eighteenth-century music with nineteenth-century ears. Since Gluck's time not only has the art itself made wonderful progress, but the means by which composers now communicate their thoughts are much more elaborate. There is as much difference between a score of Wagner's and a score of Gluck's as between that of the Choral Symphony and one of Haydn's earliest productions in that department of musical literature. However, the more one is able to forget the present the better is one fitted to enjoy and appreciate the past. Let us now speak about the first performance of "Orpheus" at Cambridge on Tuesday, May 13. The overture to "Orpheus" is disappointing; it is an every-day piece of writing. Gluck himself must have been aware of this; for not only had he the proper conception of what an overture should be, but in his "Iphigénie en Aulide" he has left a famous example.

The first Act opens most effectively with the chorus of faithful-hearted mourners round the tomb of Eurydice, and the scene presented on the limited stage at the Theatre Royal, Cambridge, was excellent. Quaint and simple is the first aria for Orpheus, and the short recitatives, though perhaps mild to modern ears, are full of expression. The part of Orpheus when the opera was revived at Paris in 1859 was taken by Madame Viardot, and in the following year it was also sung by a lady. This time it was entrusted to Mrs. Alfred Bovill, but she was not strong enough either vocally or histrionically. As the unhappy husband of Eurydice occupies so prominent a position throughout the opera, it is to be regretted that his representative was not more satisfactory. Miss Margaret Davies sang the two "Eros" arias with taste, and looked well in her part.

The last song in the first act was interpolated by Gluck, probably to satisfy the tenor, Legros, who sang the part of Orpheus when the work was given at Paris. The music, florid and commonplace, was written by Bertoni for his opera "Tancrède." Some stir was created in Paris when it was sung by Legros. The enemies of Gluck drew attention to the fact that he had used another composer's music. In those days such practice was a familiar one, and Gluck must not be singled out for special blame. But the aria is so out of character with the rest of the music that one cannot but regret that Gluck allowed it to be sung, and even to be inserted in his score. But those who know the power famous tenors possess will show sympathy for, rather than anger against Gluck, who perhaps saw that to oppose Legros's wishes was almost fatal to the production or to the success of his work. Dr. Stanford in omitting the song certainly came nearer to the composer's intentions than if he had literally followed the written text. Musicians will be thankful to him for removing this Bertoni blot.

The second Act has been famous ever since "Orpheus" was first produced: the genius of Gluck is here fully displayed. Already in the few instrumental bars *Maestoso*, the composer shows how thoroughly he has grasped the situation. The curtain rising, we behold the Furies at the Gates of Hades, and the chorus, "Who through this awful place" (*Quel est l'audacieux*), with its menacing minor tones and realistic touches, is indeed weird and forcible. Every pains had been taken to make the stage effects as impressive as possible, but more space than the Cambridge Theatre can offer is necessary for a really imposing picture. A larger chorus, too, would have given in a more telling manner the thrice-reiterated *Non* of the spectres in answer to the entreaties of Orpheus.

The curtain was dropped while the "Danse des Furies" music was played: indeed, to give time to change the scene, part was repeated. This was, we presume, an occasion for a grand ballet display on the Parisian

stage. The Cambridge stage was tastefully decorated for the scene of the Elysian Fields, and the blessed spirits wandered gracefully about. The three *ballet* movements, including the one with the flute solo, over which Berlioz went into raptures, are delightfully quaint and soothing. The aria with chorus, sung by Eurydice, is another attractive number. Mrs. Hutchinson took the part of the wife, but was scarcely in her best form. The concluding lovely chorus, "To our calm thy heart surrender" (*Viens dans ce séjour*) was well sung. The third act, with its fine duets and bright-ending chorus was, on the whole, well rendered.

There was a large and appreciative audience.

The opera was sung in English. The words of the libretto were adapted from the paraphrase of Mr. Henry F. Chorley in the edition of the work by Sir C. Hallé. Professor Stanford conducted with his usual ability: the orchestra of thirty-two members was under the leadership of Mr. Inwards. New scenery had been painted by Mr. W. T. Hemsley. The dresses, executed in Cambridge under the direction of the ladies' committee, were submitted to and approved by a committee of five gentlemen, including Professors Jebb and Stanford.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Captain W. de W. Abney commenced his third and last lecture on "Colour and its Chemical Action" by a brief *résumé* of the facts and theories previously brought forward concerning the luminosities possessed by different colours and the means by which these intensities could be measured. The lecturer then said that in photography the action of white light on the salts of silver was in proportion to the intensity of the light; the greater the light the greater the chemical change effected, and consequently the deeper the stain developed. By measuring, therefore, the luminosity of the stains the intensity of the light which produced them could be determined. Again, the rays most active in promoting chemical change were those from the violet end of the spectrum. These facts were of great practical value in photographing the nebulae and other astronomical calculations. The law of error, which the lecturer said had occupied his attention for the last twenty years, and which he had only satisfactorily formulated about eighteen months ago, was by means of a diagram then explained, and its value in accounting for many seeming errors in calculations of intensities carefully shown. With regard to the fading effect of light on colour, especially with regard to water-colour drawings, in experimenting on which the lecturer had lately been associated with Dr. Russell for the Government, the lecturer said it was a great mistake to suppose that a dim light would not cause colour to fade. So long as the resultant figures were the same, time multiplied by intensity always represented the chemical action; thus a short time required a great intensity, while a weaker intensity required a longer time. Some colours remained unaffected for a much longer period than others. Indigo wash resisted about six times longer than carmine, while the first sign of change in rose-madder was only perceivable after eighteen months of similar exposure. Fading was caused by the elimination of certain parts of the spectrum; thus in carmine the first change which took place was the disappearance of the blue rays. This change was very gradual at first, but after a particular point had been attained the action proceeded with great rapidity. He should, however, mention that certain rays of the spectrum retarded the action of other rays; thus red rays hindered to some extent the action of the violet rays. The action of red rays on chloride of silver was to oxidize, i.e., increase the size of the molecules, while violet rays reduced their size. The greater chemical power possessed by violet rays was shown by throwing the spectrum from an electric lamp on to a piece of ordinary sensitive paper, the deepest tint or chemical action being produced on the part where the violet rays fell. The deterrent action of the red and green rays on that of the violet was ingeniously shown by producing the spectrum by red and green light respectively, and taking photographs of the spectrum so produced. It was also shown that ordinary photography only registered the intensities of white, yellow, signal green, and light and dark blue, and these most untruthfully, yellow being recorded as possessing for less luminosity than dark blue, &c. By means, however, of staining the sensitive paper or plates with erythrosin the sensitiveness of the bromide of silver was greatly increased, and the respective luminosities of

yellow, green, blue, and red more truly registered. The lecturer also showed the great advantage which accrued from photographing a picture in the light to which the colours most appealed in the spectrum. Much was often said concerning photographing in colours. As a matter of fact this had been accomplished forty years ago by use of chloride of silver, but from the nature and production of the colours so produced it was, and, in his estimation, always would be impossible to make them permanent; the achievement also was not desirable, as it would be the death-blow to painting and much artistic production.

THE STORY OF A PRIMA DONNA.

BY LOUIS C. ELSON.

CHAPTER I.

The scene was a miserable hovel. Not one of the six-storey brown stone hovels with French flats on each floor, but a one-storey hovel with only two rooms, as befitted the abode of poverty. The barely furnished room contrasted strangely with the refined appearance of its two inmates. Over the head of the younger some sixteen summers had passed, and very nearly the same number of winters had passed over her feet—which were large. She was sitting in a corner, earnestly practising a song in praise of the sweetness of violets, accompanying herself upon a harp—of Israel. At last she spoke, "Mother, this can be borne no longer, father has gone from bad to worse, from whiskey to gin, and no longer provides for us. I must use the music I learned in wealthier days to obtain subsistence for us both."

Her mother (who was an accomplished shudderist) shuddered, and replied, "I cannot bear it! My child a public singer! Perhaps your father may yet come home with food."

At that moment the door was roughly opened, and the pervading odour of the cup that cheers and at the same time inebriates, was wafted into the apartment. "Have you brought us bread?" asked the mother. "Bread!" exclaimed the man who followed the odour, "you are always clamoring for bread. D'you think I'm a bakery? Your'e extravagant. Next you'll want a sealskin sacque. Shut up!" and he hurled the sputtering candle at the daughter, who had begun to sing "Father, come home with me now."

The mother gave a meaning nod to her daughter. Seizing her harp, the latter fled from the house into the night—the bleak, black, blowing night.

CHAPTER II.

It was a dreary night, and few were abroad. It was Christmas eve, and from the windows of the rich gleamed forth rays which spoke of comfort within. At the corner of York and Adelaide-streets a singer, poorly clad, was endeavouring to attract the attention of the few pedestrians who passed along. The wind howled; so did the vocalist. It was still in praise of sweet violets. The passer-by on whose ears the tones fell, gasped, buttoned up his coat tighter and hurried on. None heeded her, if we except a horse attached to an express waggon, who, upon hearing a single phrase, ran away, wrecking the waggon as he went.

"It is useless," sobbed the singer, "my songs receive no remuneration, yet I will make a last effort," and she passionately trilled forth "The Suwanee River." A well-dressed stranger paused in the wild night (Christmas eve generally is a wild night with a great many), and gazing earnestly at the singer, exclaimed, "Great heavens! Miss de Ponsonby, you here, and in such a guise?" "Yes," sadly responded the vocalist, "pa has met with reverses (he reversed the bottle too often), and I must live by my slender musical attainments."

"But not thus, not thus," exclaimed De Jones; "you must study and make a career upon the operatic stage."

"Alas, I have neither means nor talent for so high a mission," sighed the poor maiden.

"Why not? You have no voice and are not especially attractive, with these qualities you may become as great as many American prima donnas. But wait, I have an old account to settle," and with these words he rushed away. The singer wearily wended her way to the hovel before mentioned. It was Christmas eve. She had always received some presents on that day; this year there would be none. Yet, with tears at the thought, she mechanically hung up her stocking as she used to do in childhood.

CHAPTER III.

Christmas morning came with a flood of light, Olivia de Ponsonby awoke, she knew not why, with a lighter heart. Upon a table at the door of her chamber lay a note. She hurriedly seized it and read:

"Dear Miss Ponsonby: Years ago, when I was an errand boy in your father's employ, I embezzled 20,000dols. He was always careless with money, and never knew of it. In making you this present I only make restitution. Do not attempt to seek me, for I have fled. Look in your stocking.

G. DE JONES."

Olivia rushed to her stocking. What rapture was hers when she found in it a new grand piano and a receipted bill for two years' study with the most famous voice culturist in Parkdale. Olivia, it is unnecessary to remark, was a Chicago girl.

We need scarcely give the rest of the story. After two years' study in a foreign land—Parkdale—Olivia came back to her native shores, and (after several interviews between her agent and the various newspaper critics) made a name in music that is likely to shine for ever.

She has no husband. She is wedded to the art, and music is said to be somewhat henpecked in consequence.

Best of all, her father has become a reformed man; hearing his daughter sing made him very sober, and he has continued so ever since, drinking nothing stronger than boarding-house coffee.—*Canadian Musical Herald*.

CLAVICULAR v. ABDOMINAL BREATHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: Mr. Garry takes objection to certain statements of mine. Well, can he and will he disprove them? I am willing to listen with attention to any facts that Mr. Garry may have to communicate; but I am not in the least interested with the mere opinions of even the best musical or medical authorities. Abdominal breathing is best; I know it; I practise it myself, and teach it with excellent results. But what I said in my article concerning clavicular breathing I also know, and nothing that Mr. Garry has said in any way meets my arguments.

With regard to Mr. Garry's statement that "inspiration must be through the nose *alone*," allow me to say that at least two-thirds of all professional voice users never use the nose at all for breath-taking during speaking and singing. Mr. Garry evidently does not know what I have special opportunities of learning, namely, that nasal inspiration for vocalisation is for many an almost impossible thing owing to an abnormal condition of the parts concerned. The assertion that "inspiration need never be taken through the mouth" is only reasonable; with the provision that the nasal channel is healthy; and only strictly accurate when "never" is altered to "seldom;" or the demands of music are modified.

Yours truly,

JOSIAH RICHARDSON.

Exeter Hall, Strand.

HUBERT LÉONARD.

Hubert Léonard, the celebrated Belgian violinist, died last Tuesday week morning (May 6th) at his residence in Paris after nine days' illness. In spite of his seventy-one years, eleven days earlier he was giving lessons with all his accustomed energy. His reputation as a brilliant virtuoso, composer, and eminently successful teacher is well known. It was in 1866 that he resigned his appointment as successor to De Bériot at the Brussels Conservatoire, and in 1870 he settled in Paris, where he has since devoted himself exclusively to teaching. Among his pupils are Marsick and Musin. His life was that of a pure and noble artist. Kind, generous, and sincere, ever ready to excuse defects in fellow artists whom he heard too severely criticised, but at the same time implacable as regards any debasement of art. Towards his pupils he was the best of friends, and taught them more than music. Though a severe master, he was glad to give encouragement where it was deserved. Those who were privileged to attend the weekly *soirées* given at his house in the Rue Condorcet every winter since his establishment in Paris will never forget the sight of the many loving faces which surrounded the maestro there. At the happy evenings were often present Madame Pauline Viardot, Terese Milanollo, Camillo Sivori, De Bériot (Malibran's son), and many other celebrities. His dear kind face will be sadly missed. We have lost a great artist and a good man, but "God's finger touched him, and he sleeps."

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

Journeying round the Grosvenor Gallery the critic is spared at least one degree of misery; there is nothing on the walls of the Bond-street fane so flagrantly bad as may be found in the larger and more orthodox temple; yet there are some things which it is difficult to understand, and one point in particular is this—why is there such a difference between the work of Sir John Millais of to-day and that, not of pre-Raphaelite days, but even of yesterday? We confess that we shared in the astonishment awakened by the Gladstone portrait at the Academy, though we were willing to accept it on political grounds, being inclined to Toryism; but there can be no political reason why Master Ranken should be painted as he has been; and the manner of painting is such that we will not try to solve the riddle, but will wait with some degree of curiosity for the answer. There are some other portraits about which remarks may be made with advantage, notably Mr. Llewellyn's "Netta" (No. 8), one of the strongest pieces of work we have seen from his hand. The most has been made of the little lady's expression, which strikes us as being rather too severe for her age, but the painting bears in other parts evidence of conscientiousness sufficient to answer for its truth. The drapery is particularly well managed, and the baby hands which hang down among the folds of silken magnificence are excellent. Mr. Shannon's portrait of Miss Cathleen Petty (No. 15), which hangs almost next door, disappointed us. The arrangement is pretty and unconventional, but for breadth Mr. Shannon appears to have substituted haste—at least a certain mistiness in the drapery on the side nearest the grey curtain which the child is holding, points to dash rather than to artistic boldness. Mr. Orchardson's portrait of himself on the end wall is worth noticing. It could be fairly well described as a symphony in browns, but there is a subdued spirit of individuality in the likeness which speaks well for the painter's knowledge of himself. All these works are to be found in the first room, indeed almost in one corner, together with Mr. Olivier's skayed portrait of Master Trevor Wood, of which the painting is wonderfully—perhaps a trifle too—vigorous. However, when found by the general public this portrait is not unlikely to create a sensation. Indeed, most of the good things which raise the standard of the exhibition are to be found in this first room, beginning with Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Road from a Market Town" (No. 4). An unpretending record this—only the description of a hillside road, the village at the summit of which is backed by rising woodland, while the slope on the right allows us to see into the distance. It is painted in Mr. Forbes's usual manner, and cannot be called a striking picture, but a "naturalist" will find in it all those elements which proclaim the artist a kindred soul. The composition is not so carefully designed on the triangular system as that in Mr. Herkomer's "Pastoral" at Burlington House, but is apparently as truthful, and we would like to say more pleasant. In the neighbouring works of Mr. Hartley and Mr. Henry Murhman (No. 26 and 30 respectively) we find a curious contrast of ideals. In the "Toilers of the Shore" Mr. Hartley tells us how he finds the world light and full of dainty colour, while "The Harvesters," by Mr. Murhman, dwell in a world of dark, strong tones, full of gradation, but sombre and sad withal. It is true that they are pictured at eventime; yet, allowing for the difference of the hour, it is a solemn world they live in. Undoubtedly Mr. Murhman is a painter with power, and this is sufficiently strong for his work to impress us as being in some degree true. At the first glance the darkness seems akin to dirtiness, and there may be some reason in this owing to the presence of brownish tone where we are unaccustomed to find it. Instead of realising that the painter has seen a brownish tinge in the sky we feel that he has been careless with his colour on the palette, and that the tints have been mixed. The action of the women who figure as harvesters is good, and in the one who is labouring under the weight of the sheaf that rests on her knee, is particularly well expressed. A glimpse of light reflected on the clouds in the far corner of the picture is a hint that there may be more beauty in the work than is at first apparent. There is much character in the figure in Mr. Hartley's picture, the man standing almost knee deep in the sea while he examines the contents of a shrimping net. But we imagine that the artist was more really interested in the dainty colouring of the sea and sky by which the figure is surrounded. The emerald green of the distant water, and the broad reflections from the pink-edged clouds on the surface in the foreground form a scheme of colour of the most cheery nature; and we are tempted to give preference to the less subjective world in which Mr. Hartley loves to paint. However, since both painters are intensely in

earnest, it would be not only presumptuous but absolutely odious to draw a dogmatic comparison between their works. In No. 45, "The Weekly Despatch," Mr. Frank Brangwyn tells in broad water-colour a pleasant story of a group of seamen, sitting and lounging round a table at which a comrade is reading extracts from a news-sheet. The action is not forced, and the absence of the too usual exaggeration proves that Mr. Brangwyn is a painter gifted with discrimination. The *technique* is not unpleasant, being free from the blotchiness which frequently characterises broad handling of water-colours, and there is colour in parts of the picture—as, for instance, in the bricked pavement—There is room for more, but as far as it goes the work is good. Mr. Julius Olsson's "Grey October Morning" (No. 50) is bright and fresh; the deep foreground of grey green vegetation is a little cold, as are the patches of cool brown bracken. This is hardly out of character with the scene, but a little more warmth would have produced a pleasanter picture. In No. 63, Sand Laden Surf, Mr. Henry Moore sings a variation on his theme of blue Channel water and warm-toned yellow clouds; here we have grey foamy breakers under a soft and moisture-laden sky of greyish blue. There is motion throughout, particularly in the broad patch of back flowing water in the foreground, the reflection from which chiefly lights the scene. There is feeling in Mr. J. Lavery's "A French Ferry" (No. 66). The *technique* is soft, and lends a hazy appearance to the scene which favours a little of modern landscape convention, but colour is suggested, and this, with some grace in the figure of the young girl who is punting across from the sunlit banks in the distance, is sufficient to attract interest. "Maternity" affords a theme to Mr. J. M. Swan to be expressed in the form of a magnificent lioness, who lies outstretched to feed a group of cubs. The subject is very simply treated, but all the more powerfully for that reason. The oppressive nature of the climate is suggested by the low hot tone of the sky—which may, perhaps, be a little too dark, from the temptation to make the creature's head more prominent as the centre of the picture. The contrast of the deep tones in the work is fine, and is sufficient to warrant the place of honour which has been given to the painting. Close by is Mr. Peppercorn's record of "The Cornfield," No. 73. Strong, as is all the work by this painter, the picture appears at first sight darker than it really is. At a second view we find in the middle distance, reflected upon the tree-tops, more light than we should have imagined the picture to contain had we been content with one inspection. The truth of tone is evident, and we prefer this work to the more vigorous but more doubtful rendering of "The Edge of the Wood," No. 191, in the second room. Mr. Laidlay painted "A Long, a Last Farewell," No. 93, in a sorrowful mood, which he conveys well enough to the spectator. The chief character of the scene is a mournful refinement, obtained rather at the expense of strength. Mr. Tom Graham's "Last Boat," No. 92, which hangs below, is somewhat Academic in style, but the long quay which runs seaward is decidedly wet; there is movement in the waves, and there is a sense of atmosphere which gives value to a record somewhat more conventional than those which hang around it. The sea study by Adrian Stokes (No. 119) is a pretty little work. Just a glimpse of greyish green sea under a warm-coloured sky, in which grey and orange form the leading tints. It is more truly naturalistic than Mr. Dow's "Afterglow" (No. 128), in which two crimsoned peaks of cloud rising above a cool grey sea form a subject the flat treatment of which results in a decorative picture. In the second room Mr. Hornel's "Among the Wild Hyacinths" (No. 163) may also be selected as a decorative work. The figures suggest interest, but the whole is too dark for aught but decorative value. Mr. Paterson's "The moon is up" (No. 158) is so hung that a knowledge of the whole can only be acquired bit by bit as in the case of a Chinese puzzle. It deserves better hanging. The chief attraction in this room is No. 173, "The Druids," a joint production from Mr. George Henry and E. A. Hornel. Again decorative, a procession of Druids of aught but British type descending a bright hillside with oxen bearing the sacred plant form a basis for some gorgeous crimson, gold, and purple. Mr. James Guthrie's "Orchard" (No. 195) is seen through modern French eyes as usually borrowed by our painters. It is strong work, and not uninteresting, but rather sombre. The "Moonlight Effect" in No. 206, by Mr. Coutts Chambers, is deserving of notice; the work is full of colour, the dark blue dress of the girl-figure in the foreground forming a key to a scheme such as often may be found under an evening sky. A "Winter Sunset" (No. 216), by A. K. Brown, is also well treated, and should be seen. Of Mr. Llewellyn's "When Day is Done" (No. 283), a contrast of violet sky and yellow cornfield, we would say that, pleasant as is the treatment of the subject, the colour appears too positive; yet the picture has distinct decorative value. There is a good

"tumbling" sea in Nelson Dawson's "Anxious Moments" (No. 372), which hangs with other water-colour works in the fifth room; and at the foot of the stairs is a decorative panel by Mr. Riley, which is hung there, we presume, because it is decorative. It will be found a relief after the mortuary picture of huge dimensions which finds place on the staircase.

THE TEACHERS' ORGANIZATION AND REGISTRATION BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: I have sent the following letter to each of the gentlemen who have taken up the above Bill:—

"SIR: As you have undertaken to back the Teachers' Registration Bill, I beg to call your attention to a profession now mainly in the hands of quacks and charlatans who never learned it. I forward you a copy of "THE MUSICAL WORLD" for last week, and beg respectfully to call your attention to my letter therein (p. 367). The number of voices spoiled and lives ruined by these impostors is incalculable."

I will take but one example. If I had obtruded into Mr. Lennox Browne's profession as he has obtruded into mine, and sullied it as he has sullied mine, the Medical Association would have protected the public by prosecuting me and getting me committed to prison.

I am, Sir,

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES LUNN.

MADAME TERESA CARREÑO.

In June, 1866, Signor Ardit, then, as now, resident in London, was visited by a beautiful girl, hardly yet into her teens, who presented him with an autograph letter from Rossini. Thus is it translated by the learned scribe:

"MY DEAREST COLLEAGUE,

"Permit me very earnestly to recommend to your notice the bearer of these few lines, Miss Teresita Carreño, an already celebrated pianist of unbounded talent. She is accompanied by her father and mother—themselves very distinguished people. Have the goodness to listen to my very dear Teresita, and accord her your powerful support; she is deserving of it in all respects. She is a pupil of Nature herself, who must always be the mother of the Fine Arts; and the finishing touches have been put to her education by the famous Gottschalk. Be good to her, and thereby establish a claim upon the recognition of your admiring and devoted servant,

"ROSSINI.

"Paris, June 6, 1866."

Such was Teresa Carreño's first introduction to the musical world of London. Recommended thus, and by a similar letter addressed to Madame Puzzi, she gave a *matinée* at St. James's Hall, where she was received with acclamation as a pianist of phenomenal promise. Those who inquired, with natural curiosity, the origin of this wonderful child, learned that she was the daughter of an old and noble Spanish family. Her father had been a Minister of Finance in Venezuela, and she had studied music simply for his and her own pleasure. When—as is apparently the common fate of South American Ministers—he was exiled, and had lost all his property, the girl's talent was necessarily utilised for the support of her parents, and she made her *début* as a professional pianist in New York. Having won recognition there, she came to Paris in May, 1866, passing through the unpleasant excitement of shipwreck on the voyage, and was heard at a concert given by Vivier, the famous horn-player. Thence she came to London with the results already noted. For the next three years she visited us each season, making Paris her permanent home; but when the war of '70 broke out she took up her residence in London, where she remained for two years. During this time she appeared at the Popular and other important concerts, making a tour with Titiens and Foli, under Mr. Mapleson—Mr. Cowen being also of the company. In 1872 Madame Carreño visited America, where she toured in company with Carlotta Patti and Mario, and whither, after a short reappearance in London, she returned in 1874, with the unhappy Ilma di



MADAME TERESA CARREÑO.

From a photograph by HANFSTAENGL, Dresden.



Murska, remaining there until last autumn. In November she came once more to Europe, and has spent the winter in Germany. With what remarkable enthusiasm she has been received there, readers of the "MUSICAL WORLD" are well aware. The critical public of Dresden hailed her as a feminine Liszt; and, if this were the place for criticism, there would be little difficulty in showing that the title is not undeserved by a lady who, to marvellous physical and technical powers, adds so great a degree of fire and intelligence.

NOTES FROM ITALY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ROME, MAY 11, 1890.

The May festivals are in full force, and Rome has quite an influx of visitors—chiefly from the provinces. At the Argentina this week performances have been given of "Norma," with Signora Damerini (a great favourite) and Signora Zeppilli Villani. At the smaller Costanzi Theatre (a very pretty building) the "Pêcheurs de Perles" has been heard, and on Thursday last a new opera by a young Roman composer named Spinelli was performed. The title is "Labilia," and as the plot is too slight to inspire a great work, the chief interest lay in the fact that Madame Bellincioni and Signor Stagno had undertaken the principal rôles. Even with their aid the operetta "Labilia" fell somewhat flat. The story is simply that of Labilia, a country girl. She has promised to marry a lover (duet and chorus of villagers), but the mother of a former *fidanzato* (reported dead) appears on the scene and upbraids Labilia with her fickleness. Labilia is left alone to melancholy reflections. The first lover enters—his death had been a false report—a stormy scene ensues in which Labilia tells him that she will never be "his"—he vows she shall never be another's—and drags her to a watery grave in the river. The curtain falls as he plunges in after her. The music is not particularly striking nor original; the instrumentation is "clever," but that is all. After the operetta the ballet "Antiope" was performed—it is a gorgeous scenic display with some good dancing.

A very different style of ballet is the performance of Virginia Zucchi at the Quirino Theatre. "Brahma" is going on night after night with deserved success. Signora Zucchi, considered the best Italian *danseuse*, raises the ballet to something far beyond the usual level of such entertainments. Her performance is earnest and artistic; her acting and facial expression as wonderful as her exquisite grace and skill in dancing. Her part in "Brahma" is a superb study. The plot is briefly as follows: Brahma is expelled from Paradise, and may not re-enter its gates until he has found true love. He finds it in an Indian dancing-woman, who follows him in his wanderings and remains faithful to him in spite of apparent neglect on his part—when pursued by enemies—and finally, after sacrificing all to save him, but in vain, chooses to perish with him at the stake. The ballet is poetical and artistic, and Virginia Zucchi has ample scope in it for her talents.

The Milanese Company of actors (in Milanese dialect), with the famous Ferravilla at their head, are giving performances here, and are well received.

On Monday (12th) the Dramatic Congress, to last five days, will commence its sittings. Its object is to discuss various questions connected with the stage, such as the copyright of plays, the expediency of government subsidies in support of theatres, the propriety of interruptions in the course of performances by the appearance of authors on the stage, &c., &c.

At Padua "La Tosca" has been attempted (for the first time since Madame Bernhardt's appearance in the part in Italy) by Signora Boetti-Valvassura. She is said to be a splendid exponent of Sardou's heroine.

The last concert of the Società del Quintetto at Rome, conducted by Sgambati, took place on April 30, and was an excellent performance. Sgambati played Bach's Concerto in D Minor (Allegro), with the accompaniment of double quartett and contrabasso. The rest of the programme consisted of Mendelssohn's Trio in D Minor, Beethoven's Quartett in E flat, and Schubert's Variations from the Quintett in A for piano, violin, viola, violoncello, and contrabasso.

Melody is the sensuous part of poetry. Is it not melody that converts the spiritual part of a poem into actual feeling?—Beethoven.

The Dramatic World.

"THEODORA."—PAUL KAUVAR.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, 14TH MAY, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDMOUSE,—

You, who have read your Gibbon, can well imagine how splendid and picturesque a play might be made, having for its background the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Think what Shakespeare would have done with it—if he had read his Gibbon. Why, even I myself, who have not had time to read my Gibbon yet, but have done the thing cheaply by going to see the "Christian Martyrs" at the Doré Gallery—merely from that one visit (for I assure you that I did not go twice), and from a vivid recollection of "Count Robert of Paris," read in my early schooldays,—I have had many a splendid but fleeting inspiration for a Byzantine tragedy.

But when I heard that Sardou had taken Madame Bernhardt's measure, and fitted her accurately with a Theodora, I was sorry; and when the other night I saw the result—done into English, and without Madame Bernhardt, I admit—I was much sorrier. M. Sardou is or was a dramatist of much skill and vigour, and has written many excellent stage plays, the best of which have even something of the breath of life in them, true nature, true wit, true picturesqueness. I have always felt that there was almost a Shakespearian breadth in the rustic humours of "Nos Bons Villageois;" and there is at least the vigour of a Hugo in "Patrie." But it is a far cry to "Nos Bons Villageois" now; it is even a good many years since "Patrie" was written.

Some men grow conscientious with success, and, not being obliged to write or paint potboilers, cease from the making of them. But with others the appetite for wealth grows, the higher ambition for true fame dies out; and either they produce too rapidly, like some painters we know of, or they write down to their public, they degrade their art and themselves.

And, if they are playwrights, they must degrade not only their art but their interpreters. Is it not a sad thing to see a man like M. Sardou deliberately taking that which is lowest among the powers of Sarah Bernhardt, and making this wonderful tragedian—capable at her best of all poetry, all dignity—a representative of the brute in woman, teaching her to study life in the Parisian gutter, and, with a onesided realism, to show us only in the mighty past what Zola sees to-day, blind to Shakespeare, blind to the mightier part of truth. Indeed, the comparison with Zola is unjust to the famous novelist, whose work at least has some touch of literature: from which our later Sardou is magnificently free. He gives us mere horrors—torture-scenes, murder-scenes, men and women bowstrung, throttled, dying hideous deaths by the half dozen. Sarah Bernhardt once said finely that she was an artist, not an exhibition; "Theodora" is a mere exhibition of horrors, and degrades those who visit it, like the famous Chamber at the waxworks.

The thing is effective, of course. The latter part of the play interests you, if you have not walked out after the murder-scene; and the heroine no doubt gave Madame Bernhardt opportunities for extraordinary and splendid acting. This wonderful actress can show us, by a subtle moment now and then, what there remains of true humanity even in a degraded stroller of the streets like Theodora: the pity that she will not oftener reverse the process, and, by playing true heroines, women really noble, awake in

all of us the spirit that is akin to them—make us remember that we are, at our best, "little lower than the angels."

So much for Sardou's Theodora, and for Sarah Bernhardt, whom I take to be an essential part of it. The play hardly lends itself to translation—the nature of the thing is so absolutely French—though I am told that in many points Mr. Buchanan has certainly bettered the original: only why is it that historical plays in English are always dropping into a kind of jogtrot imitation of blank verse? With an actress much inferior to the great Sarah, however, the *raison d'être* of the play is gone; and though Miss Grace Hawthorne acts with plenty of vigour, a good deal of intelligence, and much knowledge of the stage, there is no special interest or charm about her. The strongest performance of the play is no doubt Mr. Leonard Boyne's; he throws off, for once, all his mannerisms, and carries along scene after scene by his picturesqueness and passion. Mr. Cartwright, though better, I think, in modern than in ancient melodrama, plays his death scene strongly; and Mr. W. H. Vernon gives us a striking picture of the most Christian Emperor, cowardly and superstitious. (It is characteristic of modern Paris, by the way, that the villains of the play are Christian, the heroes Pagan.)

And now, having seriously considered M. Sardou's "Theodora," let us take a little gentle relaxation with the "Paul Kauvar" of Mr. Steele Mackaye. This was brought out at Drury Lane on Monday, and if you were in the right mood it was great fun. "Paul Kauvar" was originally produced in New York, and ran three years there; also the comic lady therein tells the comic man that if he commits suicide in the Parisian river he will be *in-Seine*. (Do you see? *Insane*. I was weaned on a conundrum to that effect.) Well, and the hero, wishing to do the heroine a good turn, takes her father's place on a tumbril which is going to the guillotine—and this is quite original, because in the "Dead Heart" he does it for her son and in the "Tale of Two Cities" it is for her husband. Moreover, he tumbles out of the tumbril—I believe the comic man could have made a joke about that, if he had only tried hard—and so he is saved, and merely loses an act, turning up quite fresh and hearty in Act 4, when he decides to live happily ever afterwards.

You know, the audience applauded that play tremendously; and it ran three years in America; and there are some reasons why it should succeed here—besides the acting, which is excellent. To be sure, the comedy is abominable and there is very little of it; but the story is exceedingly simple—for a four-act melodrama—and it really does seem as though ingenious complication had had its day. Then there are telling situations; and if you do sleep peacefully all through Act II., every dramatist knows that if there must be a nap during the evening, Act II. is the place for it.

So, if you want a good old-fashioned absurd melodrama, go to Drury Lane and it will renew your youth! You will there see Mr. Terriss, back from America, as picturesque, as vigorous as ever, his fine voice ringingsplendidly through the great theatre—now and then, perhaps, he was a little too loud; but that is very usual, when an actor comes from smaller theatres to Drury Lane. Mr. Henry Neville played very quietly, but every word told: we have no one who more perfectly understands the science of melodrama. Mr. Arthur Stirling, on the other hand, though most effective, hardly concealed his art enough; and Mr. Charles Hudson spoiled a telling performance by his extraordinary reproduction of the face, voice, and manner of Mr. Irving.

Miss Millward, in her one strong scene, showed that she has become a strong actress. I understand that Mr. Harris has engaged her for three years at Drury Lane, as "leading lady."

Mr. Harris has a way of doing sensible things, and this is one of them.

Two melodramas in a week have somewhat overpowered me. No more at present from your exhausted

MUS IN URBE.

CRITERION THEATRE.

Mr. Charles Wyndham and his company are in all probability thoroughly astonished at the outspoken condemnation of their performance of "She Stoops to Conquer" by many critics who generally know better than to find fault with anything that is done at the Criterion. Indeed, the fault has to a great extent been found with the wrong persons; actors are often attacked when but the authors are to blame, and that is surely what has happened this time. We do not mean to say that the piece is played in the right way: the fever-heat of modern farce is not needed in this quieter comedy of the eighteenth century, and before the five acts are over it becomes wearying—although those five acts have been jammed into three, and then again split into seven "tableaux." But there is much merit in the individual performances, though some of them suffer by comparison with the much stronger acting lately shown in the same parts at the Vaudeville—notably the Tony Lumpkin and the Miss Hardcastle. Apart from all question of comparison, however, we cannot think that Miss Moore's playing of Kate Hardcastle has had justice done to it: it is more than likely that on the first night she did not do justice to herself, from mere nervousness. But on the third night, when we saw the play, she was to our thinking altogether delightful—fresh, girlish, humorous, and sympathetic: everything that a Kate Hardcastle need be. Mr. Giddens's, too, was a sound and capable Tony Lumpkin, though certainly not so broad and humorous as the young Squire of either Mr. Thomas Thorne or Mr. Lionel Brough, his latest rivals in the part.

There is an irresistible charm, a perfect ease and dexterity, in all that Mr. Wyndham does; only, after all the agreeable Rattles we have seen him play, it is next to impossible to believe in his shyness! Nevertheless, his return to light comedy, in any part, can be greeted with nothing short of the heartiest welcome: even as his curiously inappropriate relapse into sentiment in the last act is only to be deplored. Mr. Blakeley was a humorous Squire Hardcastle, from his point of view; but the part loses half its effect if it be not played as an old country gentleman of some breeding. Miss Victor lost none of Mrs. Hardcastle's customary points, and Mr. Valentine played Diggory with a laugh of much unctuousness.

Altogether the acting was not much to blame, and the mounting was really excellent. It was the authors who, with one exception, were in fault. The exception was Oliver Goldsmith, who has done his work thoroughly well, and may claim to have it respected. Plays of some merit which have failed to keep the stage may justifiably be revised, and, according to our modern notions, improved—if it be done with discretion and good taste. But to alter "She Stoops to Conquer," which we see almost every year—to improve a comedy which keeps its place without an effort, which is as fresh in 1890 as it was in 1790, and will be in 2090, let Ibsen do his dismallest! Mr. Wyndham cannot realise how entirely it upsets one's temper when scarcely a dozen lines of one's old favourite go by without some unjustifiable omission, some atrocious insertion! Goldsmith's wit is left out to make room for the most lame and melancholy gags, worn threadbare in a thousand pantomimes. Oh you other authors, who play Young Marlow, Tony Lumpkin, Mr. Hardcastle: your acting, as some critics have said, may not be perfect—but how much better you act than you write!

NOTES AND NEWS.

The old custom of the reading of a new play by the author to his interpreters is passing away, as all old customs pass; but there is no tradition which more interests the stage-loving public, nothing which they would more dearly like to steal in unobserved to witness. And this, or something very like it, they may do; for Mr. Pinero, famous as far the best living reader of his own plays, proposes to recite or read "The Profligate" to an audience—and one may be sure a large one—which is to assemble at the Birkbeck Institution, just off Chancery-lane, on the evening of this very Friday which now exists.

A curious contrast to the usual fullness of detail in our theatrical programmes is shown in the Drury Lane bill of the play for this present week. Where we are used to see the name of furniture-makers, gasmen, florists, costumiers, providers of pianos, umbrellas, toothpicks and all other instruments used by the performers on the stage, or the flymen above, or the attendants in the corridors, we find nothing, emptiness, silence even as to the painter of the capital scenery and the conductor of the delightful music. A step in the right direction, but a step almost too long. Will not Mr. Augustus Harris hop back a little way?

It is astonishing how the newspapers get hold of these things. The fullest details as to the character and surroundings of the hero of Mr. Jones's new play have already been made public: whose fault can it be?—and what possible "make-up" can Mr. Willard devise which shall satisfy our imaginations, stimulated by the description of this mystic parson who is half Welshman and half Jew? The facial characteristics of the Hebrew race are well known; your typical Welshman is, we believe, a sturdy little fellow with red hair and high cheekbones. What will the "blend" be like?—and where, oh where will the "mysticism" come in?

But there is something much more original and much more "up to date" in "Judah"—that is the play's name—than even a Welsh Hebrew Presbyterian with doubts. There is—but we are pledged to secrecy. We have seen fast pieces at the Criterion, but—but that is a play upon words, and some of our too acute readers may already have their suspicions. Suffice it that the new drama is in no way an advertisement of Bouillon Fleet.

Mr. Mackintosh is not to play in the new piece at the Shaftesbury, after all: much, no doubt, to the regret of Mr. Jones—and of all who saw the original Middleman.

Several actors have lately been signing very long and profitable engagements, and we congratulate them. Mr. Cyril Maude is engaged for two years by Mr. Charles Wyndham, always on the look out for the best of the younger actors; Mrs. Maude (Miss Winifred Emery), as has already been known for some time, joins Mr. Wilson Barrett at his new theatre on the site of the old Olympic. Miss Millward goes to Drury Lane for three years as leading lady, and Mr. Lawrence Cautley is, we believe, to play "juvenile men" at the same theatre for the same period. And Miss Julia Neilson, after her successful performance in "Comedy and Tragedy" last week, signed a two years' engagement with Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

The new play at the Comedy will be an adaptation of a recent French farce, "Les Femmes Nerveuses"—not to be confounded with the "Gens Nerveux" of Sardou. "The Housemaid," by Messrs. Lestocq and Harry Nicholls, which was announced as ready for production, is for the present postponed.

"The Barrister," by Messrs. Darnley and Fenn, is to be revived at the Royalty on Saturday, and will probably be followed by Mr. Darnley's "Solicitor," just successfully produced at Liverpool and bought by Miss Violet Melnotte. As a rule we go to the barrister through the solicitor, but—Our readers can complete this witticism to taste, but it was so obvious that they would have been aggrieved if we had not at least suggested it.

The new Irish play by Messrs. Buchanan and Sims is getting itself ready for production at the Adelphi.

Sadler's Wells is to have another chance of life, and Phelps and Shakespeare will be followed, *longo intervallo*—in time only, of course—by Wilmot and melodrama. May they be happy, all four of them.

"New Lamps for Old" reaches its 100th performance on Wednesday, May 21, on which occasion Mr. Alfred Bishop will play the part of Postlethwaite in place of Mr. F. Kerr, who goes to the Shaftesbury.

There is not the slightest truth in the report that Miss Grahame intends shortly producing a new play by Mr. Carton. She has accepted a play by this gentleman; but, owing (we are told, on the best authority,) to the success of "New Lamps for Old," the production of Mr. Carton's play may not take place this year.

Mr. J. H. Darnley will shortly produce at a *matinée* at Terry's theatre his three-act farcical comedy, "Wanted a Wife."

"April Showers," transferred to the evening bill at the Comedy last week, is going well. There is a good deal of sparkling dialogue in the play, which is done ample justice to by the exponents, Messrs. Walter Everard, Reeves Smith, and Nutcombe Gould; but perhaps the success of the piece is chiefly due to the admirable acting of Miss Maude Millett and Miss Annie Hughes, both of whom seem to be exactly suited in their parts. Miss Millett has been making rapid progress in her profession lately, and has proved beyond a doubt that she can play pathos as well as comedy. "April Showers" is preceded by "The Beggar," by Mr. F. W. Broughton, which is well played.

Mr. G. H. Kersley gave a *matinée* at Terry's Theatre on Tuesday of a new farcical comedy entitled "As Large as Life," by Mr. Arthur Shirley. At the end of the play one of the *dramatis personæ* remarks, "I don't understand"—and a gentleman sitting next us added, "nor anybody else." The plot was certainly difficult to follow. An impecunious artist who is unable to discharge his hotel bill leaves three pictures with the landlord in lieu of payment. Although supposed to represent different people, the same face appears in each, the artist having taken for his model a young man he had observed from his window, hence arise innumerable mistakes and complications, which, of course, are cleared up in the last act. Two Frenchmen in love with a charming widow were well played by Mr. Henry Bedford and Mr. Ivan Watson, who made the most of some really funny scenes, and Miss Adrienne Dairolles as the widow worked hard to make the piece go. Mr. Horace Mills as the youth of the day, who speaks of everything as being "awfully powerful," was admirable, being natural, and altogether different from the usual stage masher, who is becoming rather played out. Ulysses Tinkler, the original of the portraits and the innocent cause of all confusion, was played by the giver of the *matinée*, Mr. Kersley. An announcement was made before the curtain that this gentleman was suffering from a cold. This may have affected his limbs as well as his voice, and in charity we will forbear to criticise. The piece was well received by a friendly audience. It has some funny situations and smartly-written lines, but it will probably never be heard of again. The performance commenced with a comedietta entitled "In Love," which was neither remarkable for literary merit nor artistic rendering.

There are actors in England who, now and then, and in the mildest way, of course, venture to express a gentle disapprobation of the candour of their critics in the press. Let them go to Australia, and this is what the "Melbourne Bulletin" is capable of saying about them:—"The first appearance of Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew (two distinguished notoriety artists) occurred at Melbourne Princess' on Saturday. The presence of the local emblem of monarchy, added to the fact that Mrs. Potter's costumes 'are by Worth, of Paris,' gave a certain air of refined interest to this sad event, as far as the dress-circle and stalls were concerned. Above in the amphitheatre, where Worth (of Paris) is not a name to conjure with, public interest in Mrs. Potter took the form of exhortations to speak up, and vented itself in irreverence calculated to disgust Worth, of Paris, had that excellent milliner been there. Even K. Bellew provoked an occasional scoff, although he also is a splendidly upholstered person who realises our dreams of an adult Little Lord Fauntleroy. When Mrs. Potter sank, like a snowflake, upon Bellew's knee, or fell violently against his heaving bosom, a roar of laughter damped her ardour, and doubtless dissuaded her from putting on the Grecian hug which is reported to be her histrionic card. Bellew, indeed, is a fragile variety of blossom, so perhaps the boys were convulsed at the thought of Mrs. Potter breaking him. But even in its arrested development evidences of the possible sublimity of Mrs. Potter's stage-cuddle were not wanting. She is earnestly recommended to let it go, and never mind the boys. Mrs. Potter is likewise great on the faint, although Bellew, for the matter of that, can go down sideways with a sickening thud."

THE DRAMATISTS.

XXXIV.—TASSO.

Like Ariosto, Torquato Tasso is better known by his great epic than by his plays; but the author of the first of Italian pastoral comedies—of the charming "Aminta"—cannot be omitted from any list of the world's dramatists.

Is it a mistake to suppose that the picturesqueness of the poet's story—which so much interested the great Goethe that he made a tragedy of it—has somewhat lost colour, has rather a faded fascination for more modern eyes? This may be a mere personal fancy; but at least one hears little, in the literature of to-day, of Tasso and his hopeless love.

He was at the Court of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, who loved his poems and made their author his familiar friend; whereupon the poetic heart lost itself to the beautiful Princess Eleanor, sister of the Duke, and expressed its passion in love songs—in many of them, one is obliged to own, with more ardour than propriety. This would not seem to argue a very high standard of conduct on the part of the lady be-sung; but it is said that she remained "his friend and nothing more."

But Alfonso seems to have heard of these ditties, and once at least, in 1577, punished their author by shutting him up in a convent as a madman: and it has to be admitted that Tasso every now and then gave way to violent and offensive outbursts of an easily irritated temper. He escaped from the convent, however, visited Sorrento and Rome, and then begged leave to return to Ferrara—which was granted on condition that he obeyed his doctors, and did not see the princess.

He left Ferrara again, but returned before very long, and, two years after his former confinement, was put into a madhouse for outbursts as violent as the earlier ones. Here he spent seven years, poor fellow; but was at length set free, on the intercession of several great people—the Emperor, the Pope, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the Duke of Mantua. His imprisonment had not been a harsh one; he was allowed to write, and received the visits of his friends, some of them men of fame—as the great Montaigne, and Aldo, the younger of the printers to whom we owe our Aldine editions.

He was now a man of forty-two—let it be mentioned here that he was born in 1544 at Sorrento: that his father was a well-known poet who strongly objected to his son's following in his footsteps and neglecting the law, which he should have been studying at the University of Padua: and that Torquato was some years in the service of Cardinal Luigi D'Este before he entered that of Alfonso, who was the Cardinal's brother.

After he left his madhouse he went to the Court of Mantua, and then wandered restlessly to Naples, Rome, and Florence; at Rome in 1594 he received from Pope Clement the Eighth a crown of laurel.

Soon after this he died—on the 25th of April, 1595—at the Monastery of S. Onofrio, to which at his own wish he had been taken.

Of his great epic, the "Gerusalemme Liberata," there is little need here to speak; it was published in 1581, went through seven editions in a year, and has held its place ever since among the great poems of the world. Yet it is said that the poet was severely wounded by the fierce attacks with which the critics felt it duty bound to receive a new work of genius; and it is certain that he remodelled the entire work, altering almost every stanza to please them—and that the greatest of critics, the public, has shown no desire whatever to supplant its old favourite by the revised work, which he called the "Gerusalemme Conquistata."

Besides the "Aminta," his tragedy, "Il Torrismondo," ranks among the first of early Italian plays; but the pastoral comedy was a newer and a truer thing, and founded a school—which Italian tragedy has never had the spare vitality to do. Of his one great follower, Guarini, whose "Pastor Fido" is almost better known than its model, Tasso said with a charming modesty that "if he had not read 'Aminta' he would not have known how to surpass it." Indeed, scene after scene of Guarini's work treats, with no accidental rivalry, the story of Tasso's; but, in spite of the greater elaboration, the greater effort to please, in the imitator, the master has a freshness, a sweet, simple flow of rustic verse which was hardly to be imitated. "Aminta" is not a "Comus," not a "Faithful Shepherdess"—it is no insular prejudice which made so catholic a critic as Leigh Hunt rank Milton and Fletcher high above their predecessor as pastoral poets—but one has only to read "Aminta" and the "Pastor Fido" to know that Tasso was a poet and a great one, and Guarini was not.

The Organ World.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Somers Clarke read a paper on Monday, the 5th inst., entitled "Some Further Notes on the Organ," which called forth a more than usually animated discussion. Mr. Clarke said he hoped that in devoting most of his remarks to the position of organs in churches, it would not be thought he was going over old ground. He considered that the papers of Mr. G. A. Audsley and the late Sir Frederick Ouseley suggested many interesting issues which might be pursued with much advantage. The remarks of Sir Frederick Ouseley on this subject, admirable though they were, were most applicable to cathedrals and very large churches, whereas, the lecturer contended, the chief difficulties in placing the organ and organist were met with in our parish churches, which for the most part were of comparatively small dimensions. He equally deprecated the custom of drawing deductions from celebrated continental churches, which were a great deal larger than the generality of ours, and commonly possessed stone vaulted roofs. Such roofs were extremely rare in this country, and exercised extraordinary effect on the resonant development of organ tone. Sir Frederick said there were many interests to be consulted in placing the church organ, but although he mentioned those of the architect, choir, organist, clergy, and builder, the requirements of the congregation were omitted, which the lecturer thought was a mistake. A great change had taken place in the habitual practices of ritual during the last thirty years; many prejudices had died out; people no longer thought it becoming to have handsome drawing-rooms and bare churches; the effects of artistic arrangement were striven for and realised, and as churches were erected for the purposes of worship as well as prayer, they should present to the eye all that was truly artistic and beautiful, and therefore the chancel and organ during service should present an artistic whole to the congregation. It was only necessary to imagine a concert-room with singers and orchestra arranged at opposite ends, with the audience between to see the absurdity of the organ being placed in the west gallery and the choir in the chancel. Custom placed the organist far too close to his instrument, which was probably the cause why organists as a general rule over-accompanied their choir. An organist should be so placed that he could hear his organ, choir, and the congregation, as well as see the two latter and the clergy. After mentioning the positions which the organ and organist occupied in several well known churches, Mr. Clarke thought that as a general rule the best position was similar to that occupied by Dr. Martin at St. Paul's. Turning to the dividing of the instrument, Mr. Clarke dwelt upon the bad effect produced by the pedal pipes being removed from the vicinity of those manual pipes to which they formed the bass. The rapid crescendos commonly indulged in by organists were also most disturbing to a congregation and unorchestral, and he thought there should be a different style of organ for the church than that erected in the concert room. Dramatic illustration of the Psalms was as much out of place as would be the altering the pitch of the voice for different personages during the reading of the Lessons, which would then become not a reading but a recitation. He condemned organ recitals, because the church was built for a different purpose, and organists for the most part only played imitations of orchestral pieces and neglected the dignified and true organ style.

In the discussion which followed, Mr. G. A. Audsley said that the great error in organ building of the present day was the over blowing of the pipes, whereby much of the full rich organ tone was lost. Swell boxes were made too thick, and the sound was consequently too much smothered when the shutters were closed, which was doubtless the cause of the suddenness of the crescendos to which Mr. Clarke referred. There were three kinds of organ—the church, concert, and chamber organ, and the church organ should not be sacrificed to provide orchestral stops which were unnecessary in the church service. Mr. Walter Wesché said he did not agree with much that had been said: the dramatic element was the basis of all artistic accompaniment, and he considered it the duty of the organist, within the confines of good taste, to illustrate and impress the poetic meaning of the Psalms. The acoustical properties of the building had first to be considered in placing the organ, and as these greatly varied no hard and fast rule could be given. Miss Oliveria Prescott said she did not think orchestral stops were a necessity in church or concert room organs;

in the former they interfered with the true organ tone, and in the concert room they were not required, as they were supplied by the orchestra. Mr. Gilbert Webb said there was one golden rule with regard to the position of an organ, viz., that it had plenty of room round it. If ample provision were made for the pipes to speak well into the church, a small organ would be far more effective than a large one which was built in. He agreed with Mr. Wesché that it was the duty of the organist to enforce the poetical meaning of the text he accompanied, and to do this adequately a variety of stops was necessary; but the whole question resolved itself into the sound musicianship of the organist; if the clergy entrusted the musical portion of their services to amateur players, doubtless congregations would be sometimes disturbed and astonished by the effects produced. Organ recitals might be said to be now firmly established, and from the large attendances formed a means of helping forward the progress of music; and they had, moreover, done much to develop the organist into the accomplished musician he was to-day. Large organs possessing great variety of stops were therefore desirable and necessary for these and other performances now customary in churches, and he thought such instruments might be safely entrusted to modern-trained organists. Mr. Baker maintained that orchestral stops were necessary in church organs to provide adequate accompaniments in the performance of church cantatas now so common. Major Crawford, who occupied the chair, said he objected to church organs being built with a view to organ recitals, the proper place for which was the concert-room. In his opinion the organist, as such, had no business in the church at all, and it was to be regretted that we could not have the services unaccompanied, as they were in many Eastern churches.

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.

On Tuesday last Mr. J. Percy Baker gave a capital and valuable lecture on the "Study of Musical Form." His treatment of the subject was workmanlike rather than historical. Mr. Percy Baker has clear, decisive ideas, and his method of analysis shows tact and artistic knowledge. He greatly pleased his audience, many of whom came provided with copies of Beethoven's sonatas for reference. Dr. E. H. Turpin occupied the chair, and expressed the hope Mr. Baker would again deal with the subject of his able lecture.

GUILD OF ORGANISTS.

On Monday, the 12th inst., Mr. A. J. Greenish, Mus.B. (Cantab.), read a paper before the Members of the Guild of Organists, entitled "Hints on Teaching Harmony." The chair was taken by C. T. Corke, Esq., A.R.A.M., Member of the Council. In his opening remarks Mr. Greenish drew attention to the fact that, whereas the study of harmony ought to be undertaken by all musical students, it was in a very great measure now confined to professional musicians. The lecturer attributed this to the fact that works on harmony were written more from the professors' than from the students' point of view, which accounted in many respects for the fact that students regard harmony as a far more difficult subject than it really is. He suggested a few ways in which matters which generally perplex the beginner might be made so clear that the youngest could understand, and he concluded by saying "Although there exist many admirable treatises on the subject, there yet seems to be wanting some small handbook to show where difficulties and errors are liable to occur and how they may be avoided." A discussion then followed, in which Dr. C. J. Vincent, J. M. Crament, Mus.B., J. T. Field, and others took part. The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the lecturer.

NOTES.

A very successful organ recital was given by Mr. Herbert Ham in the parish church of Halstead, Essex, on the evening of the 7th inst. Mr. Ham's most important pieces were Handel's "Second Concerto," Bach's great fugue in A minor, and a "Grand Chorus in A," written by the performer. The artistic singing of Mr. Douglas Powell in "Lord God of Abraham" and "Nazareth" and the able performances by the church choir of the anthems "Ye shall dwell in the Land" (Stainer) and "Rejoice ye with Jerusalem" (W. Spinney) were also much appreciated.

Organ recitals are again being given during this month on the fine organ in St. John's Church, Waterloo-road, every Thursday at 8.30 p.m. On Thursday next Mr. A. A. Yeatman, F.C.O., will be the performer, and on the 29th inst. Mr. W. T. Reynolds, Mus.Doc.

Master T. Sharples, F.C.O., whose clever performances on the great organ at the Crystal Palace recently attracted considerable attention, gave four recitals at the Town Hall, Hawley, on the afternoons and evenings of the 7th and 8th instant, the large attendances at which afforded satisfactory proof of the boy's remarkable skill. The chief items performed were Bach's Fugue in A minor and the Prelude and Fugue in C, Mendelssohn's first and third Sonatas, Sonata in D by Guilman, Fantasia in E minor by Silas, and a March and Andante by the youthful performer.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Opera in Berlin appears to be far from prosperous at present. At the Royal Opera House "Die Meistersinger" has just been put on the stage in a fashion far from satisfactory; the only two performers who can be described as adequate being Herr Betz (Hans Sachs) and Frau Staudigl (Magdalena). All the other performers, together with the scenery and the orchestra, are thought to be below the standard which ought to be reached at Berlin. At Kroll's Theatre, also, a very poor season of Italian Opera has just come to an end. One artist indeed, Signora Prevosti, attracted considerable notice, but with such a poor repertoire she could do little.

A memorial-tablet has been placed on the house No. 92, Hauptstrasse, at Oberdöbling, a suburb of Vienna, to commemorate the fact that this is the site on which the house stood in which Beethoven lived at the time when he was composing the "Eroica" symphony. When it comes to honouring a house which merely stands on a site where something once happened perhaps we may as well draw the line for memorial-tablets. When second-hand sites of this sort are ignored, we shall learn to take more pains to preserve the real ones which remain to us.

It is a very significant fact that a concert by the famous tenor, Signor Mierzewski, announced to take place at Munich, had to be abandoned for want of public interest. The German papers are utilising the incident to show that great natural gifts, unsupported by adequate artistic training, can no longer be relied upon to create a sensation. It may be hoped that the lesson—if this be indeed the lesson taught—will soon be applied to *prime donne*, as well as to sensational tenors.

Performances of the complete series of Wagner's works are becoming more and more common in Germany: a Wagner-cycle will be performed at the Stadt-theater of Hamburg during the second half of the present month, and the same thing is being arranged for Berlin. These things make one wonder when the first Wagner-cycle will take place in London.

V. Nessler's new opera, "Die Rose v. Strasburg," was, after many delays, brought out at Munich on the 2nd inst.; but the reception was of a very equivocal sort, and gives no ground for anticipating any such success as was won by the "Rattenfänger v. Hameln" or the "Trompeter v. Säckingen."

The Orchestral Union of Breslau has chosen Herr Maskowsky, Musik-director at Coblenz, to fill the place vacated by Herr Max Bruch.

The library of the Paris Conservatoire is in luck just now. A little while since it became possessed of the splendid library of the late Georges Kastner, bequeathed by his son; and now another rich inheritance has fallen to this fortunate institution in the precious collection of autographs (literary and musical) formed during twenty years by the late Marquis de Queux de Saint-Hilaire.

M. Saint-Saëns seems not to have left his eccentricities behind him in the Canary Islands or elsewhere. It is said that his intention is to return to Paris for just long enough to enable him to hear one performance of "Ascanio," and then to vanish again into the unknown.

"Le Ménestrel" announces the approaching marriage of two most distinguished celebrities of the Parisian musical world—Mr. Charles Lamoureux, the famous conductor, and M^{me}. Brunet-Lafleur, the not less famous vocalist.

M. Isnardon, the well-known Brussels basso, is just about to publish a handsome volume narrating fully the history of the chief theatre of Brussels, the Théâtre de la Monnaie.

"Il Mondo Artistico" distinctly contradicts the statement which we quoted a fortnight ago from the "Trovatore," that Verdi was writing an opera on the subject of "Romeo and Juliet." It seems to be admitted that some such idea was entertained after the production of "Otello," but abandoned in order that it might not interfere with Boito's work on his own "Nerone." Surely then this long-talked-of work ought soon to be forthcoming.

We have this week to announce the death of two vocalists famous in their day—Giovanni Corsi, an Italian baritone of great repute in his own country from about 1849 to 1859, and one of the numerous baritones (there are, we believe, about half a dozen of them) for whom Verdi is said to have written the part of "Rigoletto;" he afterwards became a very successful teacher of singing at St. Petersburg, but latterly was compelled by serious illness to return to Italy. The other deceased artist is the famous tenor, Emilio Naudin, half Italian, half French. He was born in Italy, the son of parents of French descent: began the study of medicine at Parma, but soon gave this up to devote himself to the lyric stage, of which he became a distinguished ornament, and was heard in all the chief theatres of Europe. On the death of Meyerbeer, in 1864, it was found that he had left particular instructions that Naudin was to be engaged to create the part of Vasco in "L'Africaine," and the artist was secured at an enormous expense hardly justified by the result, for Naudin was never much of an actor, and his bad French pronunciation told heavily against him with the sensitive Parisians. After singing two or three years in French he returned to the Italian stage, but for some years past a severe illness compelled a total retirement. He was well known in London, where his "Fra Diavolo" was a highly popular performance. He died at Bologna in the 67th year of his age.

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS.

At the meeting of the South Eastern Section held at Burlington Hall, Regent-street, on Saturday last, Miss M. H. Synge read a paper on the voice and its cultivation. The lecture, which was chiefly devoted to the advantages accruing from a healthy use of the voice in speaking and singing, the acquirement of purity of tone, and other points now well understood by competent teachers, was supplemented by some valuable remarks from Mr. W. H. Cummings, who occupied the chair. Mr. Cummings thought that most women could inhale in the same manner as men, i.e., by depression of the diaphragm as well as extension of the lower ribs, and defined the habitual use of the vibrato as a ludicrous imitation of the quavering voice of old age. Speaking of the contralto voice, he reminded those present that it was of comparatively recent development, that the old masters did not write for it but for the male alto, and that even Meyerbeer in his operas wrote for the mezzo-soprano voice.

Before the lecture the Hon. Secretary, Dr. Charles Vincent, read some letters relative to the new Teachers' Organization and Registration Bill, from which it appeared that, if deemed necessary, counsel would be appointed by the Society to watch the progress of the Bill through Parliament on behalf of the interests of the musical profession, but that at present it was too early for any further steps to be taken in the matter. Mr. Cummings also stated he was in communication with a member of Parliament, and that the Society might rest assured that nothing would be done without their knowledge.

We are asked to state that Mr. Frangeon Davies, the young baritone who recently made so promising a *debut* with the Carl Rosa Company at Drury Lane, did not, as has elsewhere been asserted, study at the Royal College of Music. He is exclusively a pupil of Mr. Shakespeare.

MUSIC IN SOCIETY.

It seems astonishing that, in spite of the innumerable public concerts that are going on at this time of year, all of which are more or less well attended, anyone should find time for private concerts and musical At Homes. Yet wherever one goes, almost, there is music, and the rooms are always full. It would be interesting to know whether, if there were a vote taken in any given London drawing-room as to whether there should be music or talk, there would always be a large majority in favour of music; but it may be suggested—at any rate, even the least ardent music-lover will acknowledge—that a good private concert is a better mode of helping a charity than the bazaars and old English fairs which are so constant and inevitable just now. When "music" combines doing good, seeing a beautiful house with fine pictures, and a number of pretty and well-dressed people, it has its compensations even to the indifferent. All these conditions were more than fulfilled at Surrey House, Hyde Park-place, last week, when Mrs. Cyril Flower gave a concert in aid of the Jewish Society for Befriending Young Girls. Mrs. Flower is a Rothschild, as every one knows, and does not forget the poorer members of her race. Surrey House is one of the most richly-decorated houses in London. The decorations are in perfect taste, and there are some first-rate modern pictures; among these is Mr. Burne-Jones's beautiful "Golden Stair," which was first seen at one of the Grosvenor Gallery exhibitions. It would be a fitting picture for a music-room, with its white-robed maidens coming down the winding marble stairs, each with her musical instrument in her hand; but it hangs on the staircase in Surrey House. Another of the pictures is a replica of the same artist's "Annunciation," the first copy of which hangs in Lady Carlisle's boudoir in her house in Palace Green. The brilliant crimson damask and fine Venetian mirrors form the chief ornaments of Mrs. Flower's largest drawing-room. The ball and music-room at the back of the house is a recent addition; it is a sky-lighted room, lined with beautiful Italian wood-carving. Another art-treasure is the life-sized statue of Sardanapalus, by Mr. W. W. Storey, the head of which is modelled from Mr. Cyril Flower himself. The musical programme at Mrs. Flower's concert began with Schubert's Marches in G minor and D major, played on two pianofortes by those excellent musicians, M^{me}. Haas and Mr. Henschel. The latter is so great a favourite as a singer that few people realise what an excellent pianist he is, and it is but seldom that he gives the chance of judging of his playing except as an accompanist. It was therefore all the more delightful to hear him. The Misses Lushington, daughters of Mr. Vernon Lushington, and well known amateurs, played four charming movements by Handel; but the number on the programme that "brought down" the house was Liszt's "Loreley," exquisitely sung by Mrs. Henschel, to whose style it is exactly suited, and who was accompanied to perfection by her husband. Miss Marguerite Hall, also a great favourite, sang, as well as Mr. Wm. Nicholl, Mr. Haydn Bailey, and others. Among the audience were the Princess Louise, the Dowager Lady de Rothschild, Lady Rothschild, Mrs. Sassoon, the Hon. Mrs. Eliot Yorke, Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, the Hon. Alexander Yorke, and a whole host of well known people too numerous to mention.

Another really delightful musical afternoon was that given last Friday at the house of a well-known novelist, when Madame Madeline Schiller played—we believe for the first time in a London drawing-room. Madame Schiller gives an orchestral concert this Saturday at St. James's Hall with the aid of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel; and, meantime, musical people are on the tiptoe of expectation, as much has been heard of the fair pianist's success in America. On the occasion referred to she played a number of well-known show pieces, including one of Chopin's grand Polonaises, a Hungarian Rhapsody of Liszt, and also several quiet and delicate pieces more adapted to a private room. The audience, which included several well-known editors, many literary celebrities, and a number of musical amateurs, was more than enthusiastic, and at their request the entertainment was prolonged till much later than is usually the case on such occasions.

Mrs. Fothergill Robinson also gave a charming "Music" at 7, Porchester Gate, last week. There was no formal programme on this occasion. Mr. Fuller Maitland played the piano with his usual perfect taste and sympathetic expression. The Misses Leighton sang "Ye Banks and Braes" without accompaniment and with perfect intonation, and several German Volkslieder, accompanying themselves on two guitars with very pretty effect, and Miss Robinson played on the violin. Mrs. Fothergill Robinson, who is a daughter of Mr. G. Richmond, and sister of Mr. W. B. Richmond, A.R.A., received a constant stream of distinguished people all the afternoon, including many literary and artistic celebrities.

CONCERTS.

LONDON AND SUBURBAN.

* * Concert-givers are requested to notice that, owing to the heavy demands made on the staff during the season, no concerts can be noticed unless tickets are sent to the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD (396, Strand) at least four days in advance of the advertised date.

Of a truth the directors of the Philharmonic Society are catholic in their sympathies. From blatant platitudes on Charlotte Corday they have passed to the healthy vigour of Dvůrák, and anon to Mr. Mancinelli's description of the woes and subsequent joys of two Venetian lovers. These are the theme of this gentleman's "Scene Veneziane," which was given at the last concert under the composer's guidance, and to the consideration of which we pass, leaving the directors to pursue their wanderings in search of novelty. The suite is not nearly so maliciously sly in its suggestiveness as might be supposed from the analysis-book. The first movement depicts the Carnival gaiety, upon which enter the strains appropriated to the lover and the maiden who are the characters of the story. In the second movement we are told of a second meeting—"far away, in some spot that's unknown"—and the oboe and the *corno inglese* are chosen to repeat the passionate talk of the lovers. The third section depicts their flight to Chioggia, and the fourth their return, repentant, in a gondola. In the last of all, the wedding, a natural corollary to previous proceedings, is shown. Let us say at once that in the execution of his design Mr. Mancinelli appears to better advantage than might be expected. It would be supposed that so crude an idea might become absolutely ludicrous in course of musical treatment; but we are bound to say that this is not the case. The music in which the tale is set forth is singularly clever: it is thoroughly Latin in its vivid clearness; and, from a musician's point of view, the technical mastery displayed in at least two of the movements is really wonderful. The breathless but brilliant scherzo may fairly be taken as the best example of this. But indeed there is more than mere cleverness here. The principal themes of each movement are always charming and always interesting: and although, in the marriage scene, the dialogue between the officiating priest and the penitent lovers may seem perilously akin to that realism which in music is ridiculous, the work must be pronounced, of its kind, singularly brilliant and attractive. Whether it is altogether worthy of association with the works from which alone Philharmonic programmes are supposed to be recruited is a more debatable point. The work, let us add, was played magnificently. A second feature in the concert of great importance was the first appearance of Mr. Leonard Borwick, a young pianist who has but recently completed his studies under Madame Schumann. He was first heard in Schumann's Concerto, and herein gave prompt evidence of powers of the very highest kind. With what pleasure did those whose ears have of late been so cruelly assaulted, listen to a performance distinguished by perfect refinement and subtlety of conception, interpreted by such perfect legitimacy of technique as was this! There was no pounding, no insincerity of effort. In the third movement of the concerto one might have desired a fuller revelation of the joy and impulse of the music; but, this excepted, it would be hard to imagine a more ideal rendering. Mr. Borwick's solos were Brahms' Rhapsody in B minor and Rubinstein's Staccato Study; and in these he showed with further emphasis how fully equipped he is for his career. The tragic note of the one was struck with clearness, and the tremendous technical difficulties of the other were lightly conquered. In a word, we have every reason to believe that Mr. Borwick has in him the possibilities of a great artist. The vocalist of the evening was Miss Macintyre, whose glorious voice was occupied in rendering the beautiful *scena* from Mr. Cowen's "St. John's Eve," and in Mozart's "Dove sono;" and Mr. Cowen further secured admirable performances of the "Leonora" overture and Liszt's Fourth Hungarian Rhapsody.

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Heralded by news of great Parisian successes M. Paderewski has come to us, making his first appearance at Princes' Hall on Friday of last week.

The Greatest of all Pianofortes. THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES. New York & London.
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The Polish pianist is certainly a remarkable man, whose merits and defects are not to be weighed in a single phrase. He possesses marvellous technical powers, of which it would be hard to say at once whether or no they will always be brought into due subjection. In *forte* passages his touch is hard and crushing, which makes them sometimes seem mere avalanches of sound. This is to imply that on occasion Mr. Paderewski can "storm" with the stormiest; and is not by any means free from the vice of exaggeration. But it must also be said that this exaggeration is apparently the result of deep and intense feeling, rather than of an insincere and inartistic desire for vulgar effect. Then his tender passages have an almost feminine sweetness and glow of passion, not untouched, even here, with an equally feminine tendency to over-emphasis. But listening to him leaves the impression that he plays not as a virtuoso, but as a composer; he identifies himself so closely with the work, and forms so complete a conception of it, that his readings, although one may occasionally disagree with them as such, seem rather improvisations. His programme included Schumann's Fantaisie, Op. 17, three Etudes, and the A flat Valse by Chopin, a Liszt Rhapsody, and his own "Trois Humoresques à l'antique." The Schumann piece suffered somewhat from over-emphasis, but was, on the whole, an instance of massive and effective colouring; while the Chopin Etudes were splendidly given, their difficulties being almost contemptuously conquered and their meaning artistically revealed. If comparisons were in quest, it might be said that M. Paderewski plays the music of his great countryman with more breadth of style than is usual; where, for the present, we leave the consideration of his obviously great abilities.

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The Bach Choir gave its second concert of the season on Saturday in St. James's Hall, when, under Professor Villiers Stanford's direction, it performed Brahms' "Requiem" and the conductor's own "Revenge." The first-named work has already established so indisputable a claim to be considered as one of the noblest choral works of the generation that we are called upon at the moment to do nothing more than record a performance of it which, if not perfect, was at least very satisfactory. The most noticeable defect was the rendering of the fugue, which was wanting in proper clearness; but it would be ungracious to go further in the direction of adverse criticism as far as the choral numbers are concerned. The soloists were Miss Fillunger and Mr. Frangeon Davies, of whom the latter sang admirably both in respect to voice and style. The lady was scarcely so well suited to the task, the broad and beautiful phrases of the single soprano solo demanding a voice of greater charm. Dr. Stanford's stirring and healthy ballad also received an excellent rendering, of which the credit—as, indeed, must also be admitted of the Requiem—is due in no small degree to the capable orchestra led by Mr. A. Burnett.

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The present musical season should not be without important results upon this generation of critics. It is surely safe to say that never within recent years have they been called upon for such frequent exercise of their analytical faculties—especially in the matter of pianists. They have had to view the same familiar works through the media of widely different individualities; and such as are conscientious and thoughtful—which all are!—have perhaps felt that their code of criticism was not so immutable as they had thought it. We have been led to these profound reflections by the recital given last Saturday in Princes' Hall by Madame Carreño, who when last among us was a mere girl, but who has returned to us a mature artist who must be judged on her own merits alone. The only extraneous factor in the problem—to which the answer is her place among contemporary pianists—is that of her nationality. Madame Carreño is ultimately a Spaniard, born in South America. How, then, will the music of Beethoven, of Schubert, of Chopin appear interpreted by her tropical temperament? We prefer to put the question in this form, for it is idle to say, without reference to the facts noted, that Madame Carreño does, or does not, play Beethoven, or Schubert, or Chopin well. We are at present ready only with a provisional answer. It appears that the lady is, in her own *genre*, a pianist of extraordinary powers; but, according to our traditional notions, she is not in full sympathy with the schools represented by Chopin and Beethoven. To particularise: her performances of pieces by the Polish master were generally too nearly theatrical, and wanting in "intimacy;" and in the slow movement of the Sonata Appassionata, there was little of that strange and almost indescribable yearning tenderness which is the dominant note of so much German music. The first and last movements of the sonata, on the other hand, were admirably played. But it is in such pieces as Rubin-

stein's "Barcarolle," Liszt's Sixth Hungarian Rhapsody, and the Schubert-Liszt "Soirée de Vienne" that Madame Carreño's gifts are turned to the fullest advantage. Here there is indeed scope for the glowing fire of her style, as for the display of her marvellously brilliant powers of technique. Her touch is full of charm and variety, alternately delicate and startlingly powerful, and it is used to carry out the impulses of a gorgeously vivid nature. From all which sayings it may be gathered that Madame Carreño, whatever be the final verdict passed on her, is a pianist to be heard.

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No auspicious signs were wanting when, on Monday evening, Dr. Richter opened his new series of concerts in St. James's Hall. If a good beginning is in any degree prophetic of future excellence, then the Richter concerts of 1890 are likely to be excellent indeed. "The Meistersinger" overture, the "Unfinished" Symphony of Schubert, and the C minor of Beethoven were in the programme, and when it is said that the famous conductor was in unusually good form, little need be added to show how admirable was the concert. But it is just to say that the performance of the divine "Unfinished" was the most perfect we have ever heard; and it is therefore scarcely deprecation to say that by comparison with such a magnificent performance the rendering of Beethoven's symphony seemed less inspired. What shall be said of the Prelude to "Parsifal"? It, too, was finely played; but we listened to it with ever-deepening conviction that it is more unsuited than any other example of Wagner's writings for performance in a concert-room. Whereupon the reader may be referred to a now famous passage from Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata." Liszt's Third Hungarian Rhapsody followed "Parsifal," and we are driven to say that it was there very much out of place. Liszt's works in this order have their legitimate place in art; but their place is not in juxtaposition to "Parsifal."

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It is a matter both of surprise and regret that amateurs should so rarely have the opportunity of hearing a work so full of imagination, melodic beauty, and dramatic power as the "Spectre's Bride" of Antonin Dvůřák. This is the more extraordinary, seeing that when it was first produced it "caught on," as our cousins say, to a remarkable extent. Perhaps the reason is to be found in the exigent character of the music; and great credit is therefore due to the Highbury Philharmonic Society for their courage—some might call it temerity—in grappling with its difficulties. They were, however, amply justified by the success of a performance which was in some respects the best we have heard in London. For the rendering of the *solí* Mr. Betjemann had secured the services of Miss Fillunger (the Bride), Mr. Henry Piercy (the Spectre), and Mr. Black (the Narrator), who acquitted themselves in a manner befitting their reputations. The choruses were sung with a spirit, precision, and attention to *nuance* which call for the highest commendation, and the orchestra was much more than efficient. After the performance of the Cantata Miss Liza Lehmann was heard in songs by Dr. Arne and Thomé, Mr. Piercy in the "Prize Song" from the "Meistersinger," and the orchestra gave a very creditable rendering of the overture to the same opera.

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The third of the series of vocal recitals by Miss Marguerite Hall and Mr. William Nicholl took place in the Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening. The programmes of these concerts are always interesting, but that of Tuesday was unusually so, for it included, amongst detached pieces of high value, the complete cycle of Mr. Henschel's "Serbisches Liederspiel," in the interpretation of which the concert givers were aided by Mrs. Henschel and her brother, Mr. Hayden Bailey, while the composer accompanied. It would be late in the day to offer any analysis of these charming and spirited songs, not unworthy in their way to be classed with the Gipsy Songs of Brahms; and it need only be said that, individually and collectively, the artists named rendered their varying beauties with more than adequate ability. Mr. Henschel himself sang with admirable dramatic power Beethoven's "Crugantino's Song;" and, if it be necessary to point to other performances of merit, we may particularise the three songs of Dvůřák, sung with much taste by Mr. Nicholl, and the beautiful rendering by Miss Hall of Schubert's "Meine Ruh' ist hin" and Bizet's "Adieux de l'hôte de l'Arabe." M. Johannes Wolff played, with his accustomed intensity of expression and technical mastery, Wieniawski's "Romance and Rondo," and his own "Habanera," further giving, with great charm and sympathy, Faure's "Berceuse." The accompanists were Miss Mary Carmichael, Mr. Ganz, and Mr. Arthur Godfrey, of whom the last-named is rapidly taking a front place in the thin ranks of capable accompanists.

Macfarren's "Jessy Lea" is neither a serious opera nor an *opéra bouffe*, but an operetta in the honourable sense of the word. The libretto, by John Oxenford, is an adaptation of "L'Elisir d'Amore"—itself an adaptation of "Le Piltre;" and the work is of that medium character which, between oppressive music of the grave kind and imitating music of the frivolous kind, is in the present day almost lost sight of. These reflections are prompted by a performance of "Jessy Lea," given on Friday evening of last week, at the Kilburn Town Hall, with Miss Emily Armfield as Jessy Lea, Miss Mary Willis as Elspeth, the gipsy, and with Messrs. Turner and Tufnail in the two male parts. Miss Armfield has a clear well-cultivated soprano voice and a facile execution. She is an actress, moreover, as well as a singer. Miss Mary Willis has a mezzo soprano voice of rich quality, of much depth and power, and of considerable compass. She excels at once in the expressive and in the brilliant style. Her swell passages, her shakes, and her cadenzas in various forms were equally marked by accuracy and by freedom of delivery. Macfarren's operetta was preceded by Suppé's bright and tuneful overture to "Poet and Peasant," and by a recitation from "Othello," delivered with good effect by Mr. Charles Fry. A word of praise is due to the orchestra, which, in the overture, as in the accompaniments to the operetta, showed itself highly efficient. It must be added that the unaccompanied quintet in the operetta was remarkably well sung.

* *

The faithful admirers of Madame Patti "assembled in their thousands" on Wednesday to welcome her back from her American tour, and it is to be presumed that the gratification then exhibited was mutual. True, the songstress was very much indisposed in more senses than one, for the pleasant relations between the artist and her hearers were once marred for a time by her refusal to yield to their tumultuous demands for an encore. But even had Mme. Patti been in perfect health it would have been needless to enter upon criticism of such a concert. Suffice it to say that Mr. Sims Reeves did not appear, but that Madame Patey sang, in her best style, "Che Farò;" that Messrs. Iver McKay, Foli, and Douglas Lott were also successful; and that Miss Kuhe, M. Johannes Wolff, and Mr. Hollman contributed instrumental pieces with effect, M. Wolff in especial playing with even more than customary charm.

* *

Mr. Ernest Kiver's concert took place in Princes' Hall on Wednesday evening, when, with the assistance of Miss Marguerite Hall as vocalist, and Messrs. J. T. Bernhard, and J. A. Carrodus as instrumentalists, he presented a programme of considerable attractiveness. The concert-giver's share in the performance claims our first attention; and it is a pleasure to record that since we last heard him Mr. Kiver has made noteworthy advance as a pianist. His technique is much more brilliant, while his style is marked by delicacy, correctness, and refinement, although still wanting to some degree in warmth. His best effort was Rubinstein's Allegro in C, but the reading of Chopin's Fantasia in F minor was also very commendable. The four artists named joined their forces in Dr. Mackenzie's Quartet in E flat, which, early though it was written, has a full share of the melodic beauty and strength which are found in his later works. Dr. Mackenzie was also represented by five of his new "Spring Songs," then heard for the first time in public. We confine ourselves for the moment to general praise of these charming and thoroughly distinguished compositions, which were admirably sung by Miss Marguerite Hall. Mr. J. T. Carrodus gave a very fine performance of Bach's Chaconne, and joined Mr. Kiver in Grieg's sonata in G.

* *

The musical evening at the "Meistersingers" on Tuesday last was under the direction of Mr. Raphael Roche, who provided an admirable programme rendered in the refined and artistic manner usual to the performances given at this club. Miss Zipporah Monteith sang Otto Cantor's "Oh fair, oh sweet and holy," and the graceful setting of Swinburne's "Butterflies," by Felix Corbett; Mrs. Osborne Williams contributed "When I was Young," by Chorley, and Kjerulf's "On the Ling ho" with a clear articulation that many young vocalists would do well to imitate, and Miss Rosina Isidor gave a brilliant rendering of a vocal waltz, "Vola Vola," by Paolo Maggi. Madame Caryll's pianoforte solos were much enjoyed, and Mons. Tivadar Nachèz obliged with encores much to the gratification of his audience. The tenor (without whom such a programme would be incomplete) was Mr. Henry Beaumont; and Mr. Wilford Walters, who, if he studies, has a promising future before him, displayed an agreeable baritone voice in Gounod's "Le Vallon."

Miss Thorpe-Davies gave a successful concert in the Steinway Hall on Wednesday, when she was responsible for four solos. She was recalled after each song, and encored after her pleasant rendering of the "Lady of the Lea." Miss Hannah Jones delighted everybody by her admirable reading of Gounod's "Worker;" also in the second part of the concert singing Roedel's "Angus MacDonald" with true artistic feeling and pathos. She was encored in each case. Mr. Tito Mattei played two solos with his usual dash and vigour. Misses Marian and Clara Eissler, Messrs. Arthur Oswald and C. M. J. Edwards also took part in the entertainment. Finally, a word of praise is distinctly due to Mr. Hugh Meadows for his manly and spirited delivery of Mark Antony's oration. It was a relief to hear Shakespeare's lines intelligently and dramatically given after the deluge of versified rubbish the modern concert-goer is not unfrequently overwhelmed with.

Miss Beata Francis and Miss Helen Meason gave a concert in St. James's (Banqueting) Hall on Monday afternoon, when part of an interesting programme was carried out with the assistance of, amongst others, Mr. Claude Ravenhill, Señor Guetary, and Mr. Tivadar Nachez. Miss Francis sang with effect Nevers' "Aubade Française," the Polacca from "I Puritani," and with even greater success Ganz's "Sing, Sweet Bird." Miss Meason gave with much taste and dramatic effect Arnora's beautiful scena from "Thorgrim," "O Freya, 'neath whose tender care," and two songs by Mrs. Thouless. Mr. Nachez played violin solos, Señor Guetary gave some Spanish songs with characteristic point, Mr. Gabriel Thorp sang with effect, and Mr. John Thomas performed on the harp as few others than he can.

The last smoking concert of the season of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society was given on the 8th inst. at the Princes' Hall. The programme was of an appropriately light but not trivial character, and included very praiseworthy performances of some numbers from Saint-Saëns' ballet-music to "Etienne Marcel," Bizet's delightful suite "L'Arlésienne," and the Overture which Auber composed for the International Exhibition of 1862. Mr. Franz Rummel, who was the pianist, was heard in Chopin's Polonaise, Op. 53, and Liszt's transcription "La Campanella," which latter piece

served at least to display his great technical powers. The occasion was also made interesting by the resumption of leadership of the orchestra by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. The customary numerous and brilliant audience included H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Fife, the Earl of Lathom, Mr. George Lewis, &c. Mr. George Mount conducted.

The Royal Artillery Band, under Cav. L. Zavertal, gave a concert in St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, when a programme was presented which afforded full opportunities for the display of the qualities which enable this body to take so high a rank amongst military bands. The march from "L'Africaine," two movements from Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony, a selection from "Aida," and the overture to "Rienzi" were amongst the pieces given, and were all played with much spirit and precision, the tonal contrasts in the march being particularly good. A graceful song, "O Waking Heart," from the conductor's pen, was also heard.

The final *soirée* of the Lyric Club, which closed their town season on Thursday of last week, was somewhat in the nature of the festivals with which schoolboys celebrate the approach of the holidays. The members said one unto the other, "We have done with town—let us have 'larks.'" And so, with a sprinkling of good music, such as that supplied by Miss Lucille Saunders, who sang "Quando a te lieta" very charmingly, and by Miss Botsford, who played pleasantly on the violin, they procured divers amusing persons to sing comic songs, and to ventriloquise, and to mesmerise; and in justice it must be admitted that the performances of these individuals were very diverting. We offer no opinion as to whether this was altogether dignified on the part of a body which may, if it so choose, do a great deal for art. Viewed from the standpoint above indicated, it was amusing, which is all that need be said.

A concert of considerable interest was given in the club, Bedford Park, on Saturday last, by Mr. C. A. Lidgely, who made a dual appearance as pianist and composer. In the former capacity he played with considerable taste and technical skill pieces by Saint-Saëns, Kjerulf, and Olsen, besides joining Mme. Hatzfeld-Gould in excellent performances of Mendelssohn's

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"Capriccio," Op. 22, and Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre." In the latter he appeared to equal advantage as the composer of several graceful songs and a Ballade in F sharp for two pianos. He was assisted by Miss Louise Phillips, Miss Marguerite Hall, Mr. William Nicholl, and Mr. A. J. Beck, of whom it need only be said that they sang with their accustomed success.

* *

Madame Liebhart gave a very successful Pupils' Concert at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening last, at which Miss Rosine Defries, Mr. Lawrence Kellie, Mr. Avon Saxon, and Herr Max Reichel, violinist, assisted. The most finished pupils were Mrs. Winckworth and Miss Luna Zagury, who in solos and a duet, "Dans le Défilé," by Auber, gave pleasing proof of the value of good training. Miss Rose Jacobs's performance of "Oh listen to the voice of love," by Hook, is also worthy of mention.

PROVINCIAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.)

BIRMINGHAM, MAY 12.—The last important concert of the fast-dying season was given in the large Lecture Theatre of the Midland Institute. The occasion was the *début* of Mr. F. W. Webster, who has just finished his musical education with Mr. S. S. Stratton. We gladly welcomed the appearance of so excellent a pianist, who may now take high rank among our few local virtuosi. His master (Mr. Stratton) is to be sincerely congratulated upon the efficiency of his teaching, and his clever pupil deserves a just acknowledgment for his scholarly reading of Rubinstein's great piano-forte concerto, which was admirably accompanied by Mr. Stratton's Edgbaston Philharmonic Orchestra. Mr. Webster's technique is unerring, his touch firm and decisive, and his musicianly grasp even beyond his years. Besides the Concerto he played Mendelssohn's Rondo brillant and a few minor pieces by Sterndale Bennett. In all these he was equally at home, and was rewarded by enthusiastic plaudits. The amateur orchestra set themselves a bold task by giving a performance of Beethoven's Second Symphony in D and Götz's overture, "Der Frühling." However, with the exception of a few shortcomings, the performance reflected much credit on all concerned. The only vocalist was Madame Oscar Pollack, who gave with dramatic fervour Gluck's "Che farò senza Euridice," also a song by Mr. Stratton and a MS. song by the *bénéficiaire*.

The meeting of the North Midland section of the National Society of Professional Musicians was well attended by musicians from Derby, Leicester, Nottingham, and neighbourhood. The principal business under consideration was the Registration of Teachers Bill, now before Parliament. The following resolution was put by the chairman, seconded, and carried: "That it is most desirable at the present time, when a Bill is before Parliament for the registration of music teachers, to place before the profession and public a satisfactory plan for the legal registration of professional musicians, and the delegates of the sections are hereby requested to bring the subject before the general council at its next meeting."

BRISTOL.—Miss Agnes Zimmermann, after an absence of six years, paid a return visit to Clifton on the 5th May, and took part in the last Classical Chamber Concert of the season. The gifted artist played short compositions by Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schütt, and Paganini-Liszt as her solos; was associated with Mrs. Viner-Pomeroy in a duet for two pianos by Chopin, and took part in concerted pieces by Schubert and Dvůřák. Mr. Ludwig's violin solos were a Barcarole of Spohr and a Tarantelle of Schubert. All the items were artistically played, and gratified the large audience. Mr. Montague Worlock was the vocalist. On the 7th the Bristol Choral Society gave a performance of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" at its first concert, and won a great triumph. The association was formed in October last, 500 members joining. They rehearsed weekly under the direction of Mr. George Riseley, and so thoroughly did they study Mendelssohn's oratorio that it was presented with a surprising degree of perfection. The principal vocalists were Madame Dotti, Miss Dora Bernard, Mr. Harper Kearton, and Mr. Watkin Mills, who proved an excellent quartet. The band numbered about sixty. Mr. H. Fulford presided at the organ, and Mr. Riseley conducted.

SOUTHSEA.—Two concerts at the Victoria Hall have lately provided for the music-loving public a great treat. On Thursday evening, the 8th

inst., the artists were Mlle. Rosina Isidor, a charming soprano; Madame Belle Cole, whose reputation at Southsea insured her a hearty reception; Mr. William Foxon, tenor, new to the audience, and received with favour; and Mr. Plunket Greene, who is rapidly taking a high position as a bass; he was greatly applauded, and his selections were as excellent as the rendering of each piece. The instrumentalists were M. Max Reichel (violinist), and the Chevalier R. Palmeira.

PORTSMOUTH.—The Philharmonic Society of Portsmouth gave their second concert of the season on Monday. Madame Bertha Moore, Miss Annie Wilson, and Mr. Reginald Groome delighted the audience in G. A. Macfarren's "Outward Bound." Equally harmonious were the choruses of the sailors and their lasses. Space forbids us to give details of this excellent concert.

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June 15.	Fraulein Hermine Spies.
June 22.	Signorina Teresina Tui.
June 29.	Madame Marcella Sembrich.
July 6.	Madame Backer Gröndhal.
July 13.	Sir John Stainer.
July 20.	Madame Lillian Nordica.
July 27.	M. Jean de Reszke.
Aug. 3.	Charles Dibdin.
Aug. 10.	Joseph Hollman.
Aug. 17.	Madame Sarah Bernhardt.
Aug. 24.	Frau Amalie Materna.
Aug. 31.	Herr Van Dyck.
Sept. 7.	M. Johannes Wolff.
Sept. 14.	Madame Patey.
Sept. 21.	Mr. Arthur Oswald.
Sept. 28.	The Bayreuth Conductors.
Oct. 5.	Miss Rosalind F. Ellicott.
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Oct. 19.	Dr. Bernhard Scholz.
Oct. 26.	Madame Patti-Nicolini.
Nov. 2.	Johannes Brahms.
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Nov. 23.	Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.
Nov. 30.	Miss Marianne Eissler.
Dec. 7.	Madame Trebelli.
Dec. 14.	Mr. J. H. Bonawitz.
Dec. 21.	Robert Browning.
Dec. 28.	Miss Grace Damiani.
Jan. 4.	Mr. Flunket Greene.
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Jan. 18.	Madame Georgina Burns.
Jan. 25.	Professor Arthur de Greef.
Feb. 1.	Miss Margaret Macintyre.
Feb. 8.	Mr. J. L. Toole.
Feb. 15.	Miss Caroline Geisler-Schubert.
Feb. 22.	Browning's "Stratford."
Mar. 1.	Mr. Leslie Crotty.
Mar. 8.	Miss Marguerite Hall.
Mar. 15.	Mr. Hamish Mac Cunn.
Mar. 22.	The Late Dr. Wythe.
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